The Indian Ladies' Magazine

VOL. IV APRIL 1931 NO. 9

CONTENTS

Illustrations: Planting Paddy by Fr. Rauleder (Cover picture in colours). In the Temple; Mrs. G. K. Chettur; Mrs. Sonubai Kale; The first Mohommedan lady graduate of Mysore; Japanese Girls.

	Page
1. Flowers: verses—H. Kaveri Bai	3
2. Orthodox marriage—Napoleon Bernard	4
3. Droupadi—I. D. Tangaswami	11
4. Links—old and new—H. Krishnamma Hensman...	15
5. Our daughters—a plea—E. I. Tampoe	18
6. The power of music—K. V. Swaminadhan	21
7. "Be glad"—verses	22
8. The first Mohommedan lady graduate of the Mysore University	23
9. Our serial story—Gauri's marriage—K. S.	25
10. In Man's realm—Sartor Indica—Andromeda...	36
11. Friendly chats—Women and politics—Pavalam	42
12. Society snaps—Jealousy—Sour-Sweet	43
13. Our children's pages:	
1. Our serial story—Dr. Vikram's children	44
2. The best present—Clara Biva Tampoe	47
3. Our letter to our young people—Padmini	48
14. Our Fashion suggestions	49
15. Our Furnishing suggestions	50
16. Random Portraits of Indian Women	52
17. Tact in Society	53
18. Our London letter—S. M. Telkar	54
19. Our Needlework notes—Selected	57
20. Our cookery column—C. G. Anantakrishniar	58
21. Our Health Notes	58
22. News and Notes—Selected	60

THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

This issue No. 9, Vol. IV, has been designed and printed by Fr. Rauleder, Manager of the Basel Mission Press, Mangalore, and no efforts have been spared to make it as complete, as interesting and as attractive, as our limited circumstances permit. The Press is very widely known in this country for the very excellent work it turns out, especially in colour printing. The colour plate, "Planting Paddy", appearing on the cover page is a reproduction of one of the paintings by the Manager of this concern, Mr. Fr. Rauleder, artist to whose generosity we owe its insertion here.

Editor

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION

Inland Rs. 5/-, Foreign Rs. 5. 8/-. Single copies—annas 8.

Editor and Manager
MRS. K. SATTHIANADHAN, M. A.
Cannanore

Assistant Editor
MISS P. SATTHIANADHAN, M. A.
Cannanore

Designed and printed by FR. RAULEDER, B. M. Press, Mangalore.

United States Representative:—Napoleon Bernard, 3640 Waldo Av. N. Y. City.

Single copies, $ 25—Annual Subscription $ 2. 25—Agent's Com. $ 40.

Sample copies at, and subscriptions taken by, Brentano's, 1 West 47 St. N. Y. C.

FLOWERS

A handful of blossoms, fragile, sweet;—
But at them smiled a pale, wan face;
The soul of a dying child was lit
With heavenly beams of joy and grace.

I often have mused, why God had made
The flowers, that serve no need of men;
They blossom awhile, but soon are dead,
Their delicate charms no more remain.

But brief as their life, devoid of flowers,
Could Nature her fairest garments wear?
Or valley, or hill, in blooming dowers,
Their nectar for birds and insects bear?

The glory of gardens, where they nod,
Their beautiful heads of petals soft;
The lily and rose, first loved of God,
And others, their frail stalks raise aloft.

Like stars on the hedge and meadow green,
In spring-time, on trees, a bridal wreath,
Their loveliness sheds a rainbow sheen,
Perfuming the dewy air they breathe.

And even in snow-piled wintry lands,
Brief summer displays its wealth of blooms;
And straggling on leagues of desert sands,
The thorn-bushes flaunt their brilliant plumes.

On lakes, the imperial lotus sways,
O'er flowers, all glancing in the sun;
In clusters, or single, or lovely sprays,
The blossoms unfold their charms each one.

A paradise wakens everywhere,
That buds, in their season due, adorn;
Their petals so tender opening there,
And scattering their freshness newly-born.

A paradise in the hearts of men,
The freshness of Eden's dewy balm,
Oh, flowers of earth, this is our gain,
Your purity's Heaven's sweetest psalm.

H. KAVERI BAI

ORTHODOX MARRIAGE VS. CREATIVE MARRIAGE

Transforming the Subjective Inversion into a Creative Objective.

THE SUBJECTIVE ASPECT

Traditional forms of marriage are in a state of transition in every nation in the world today, wherever there is a moral consciousness of its debasement.

In orthodox marriage, its stagnating productiveness and lack of creative purpose are in evidence to those with capacity to face facts and the nature of its failure. But the response of orthodoxy is: annihilate the critics! Destroy them! Ignore all analysis, all grounds of contention. What can one expect to do with such people?

In any condition of social conflict and change, there is thrust into public view two factions of people; one concerned with traditional preservation, the other with exposing and tearing down the controlling factors of injustice. Both become so strongly motivated by emotion and action that it is a fallacy to assume that either is mentally capacitated to solve the subject of controversy. Neither faction has the creative ability or training to bridge the break from the old to the new, or the inspired incentive to envisage a greater ideal. Therefore, a new group must be born under a leadership capacitated for synthetic analysis and ability, to project the meaning of such into objective creative form.

Certainly, it is of fundamental importance in a study or discussion, to be sure of the nature of the subject. If public leaders were required to define their terms, and thoroughly to analyze their subject, they would increase their own understanding, honesty, and confuse the public less.

In a book—What is Wrong with Marriage—Hamilton and MacGowan set forth the facts and conclusions of a concrete study made of 200 U. S. married people (100 women—100 men). Only 21 of the 100 women, and 29 of the 100 men considered their marriages unequivocally successful.

61 men, 75 women—found something "especially unsatisfactory."

68 men, 65 women—found a "source of trouble."

77 men, 79 women—found something to annoy, or dissatisfy.

22 men, 25 women—found that they did not love their mates enough to go on living with them.

34 men, 36 women—found that they would end their marriages, if they could do so by pressing a button.

37 men, 53 women—stated their marriages were failures.

The factors upon which all agreed change was necessary were: talkativeness, temper, thriftiness, selfishness, affection, physical desire, care of dress, serious-mindedness, intelligence (more), religion, vanity, social standing (more), truthfulness, tendency to flirt, tendency to scold.

Let us look at marriage with our eyes open. Doing this, we shall be compelled to ask like a writer in The New Generation,—How are we ever to build the wider fellowships that modern life requires, if a general amity is to take the place of a general hostility, unless we reveal the ugliness and egotism and anti-sociality of family life in its present status?

How can the child attain to self-dependence when a fond (i. e. foolish, selfish, blind, hysterical, unimaginative, unfulfilled, infantile!) parent is always on the scene to prevent it from developing a *self* to be dependent upon? It is a truth that a parent's love can be as poisonous as a parent's hate. The fact is, parents are so often emotionally infantile, so unfulfilled and immature themselves that they can do but little also than seek to "live off" their offspring, in the futile hope of achieving some kind of status of dominance and significance for their own inferior selves.

How have women managed to be the bearers of children for a hundred thousand years, and to have remained so, innocently ignorant of the nature of motherhood? Why have not women after so long an experience, worked out better equations between themselves (why only women?), their husbands, lovers and children? Are women fundamentally tender or only emotional? What is the relation between woman's bungling of the family situation and her unappeased wish for power? Is woman's relation to her children a reaction to her attitude towards her husband? How explain

the rivalry between a mother and her daughter? Is woman's irritability and restlessness and periodic moodiness in marriage, a revelation of her half-inarticulate protest against coercive marriage and a cry for a profounder love life? Why do parents enjoy controlling and limiting and thwarting their children? How have fathers managed to get such reputations as bullies? Is a father playing at omnipotence, because in his innermost heart he is afraid of his own household? Since the relations between husband and wife are in the overwhelming majority of cases perturbed and disingenuous, how can the home life be cleansed and purged of the vapors and poisons of the mother-father discord?

Why have parents been so unresourceful in making their peace with their offspring? Is there any solution for the quite shameful rivalry of parents for the affection and devotion of their children? How many parents are there in the world who have any critical, conscious, awareness of their manipulation of the lives of their sons and daughters for purposes and goals that have very little to do with the genuine needs of children themselves? Are there problem-children or only problem-parents? And a final baffling question is whether men and women love each other sufficiently with sincerity and tenderness, to make possible a home-atmosphere sweet and spiritual enough for children to grow up in, harmoniously, creatively? Since marriage is so often a crucifixion, how can family life be a joy and inspiration? As Hamilton and MacGowan prove in their book, the unhappiness and lack of co-ordinated unity between parents affect the ability of children to make happy marriages. Twenty-nine, of the hundred men studied, said their parents did not get along well together, and only 40% of these were happily married. Twenty-one women had decidedly mismated parents, and only 33% of these were happy. Their study also clearly co-ordinates with their advice—if parents wish their children to make happy marriages,

they must prove good models. If parents are at mental, emotional, and idealistic odds with each other, they often create a home atmosphere producing in the son or daughter a psychic complex, an inward instability of soul that may haunt them all their lives. Thus, the kind of sins of the parents visited upon the children are sins created by traditional oppression and unethical morality.

To see results, the nature of the conflict of orthodox marriages is not enough. It is never enough to judge anything by symptoms! It is evident to the studious that marriage has been regulated by certain man-made laws, and an approach to the problem, the natural laws of life and purposes of the Creator, from without. Man, failing to master and educate himself as an individual, has set up collective arbitrary rules, legal and moral laws, to do for him what he has failed to do for himself. His aim has been to master Life—not to obey it. He has subjected Life—not objectified it. He has failed to give it human purpose and evolutionary growth. One cannot produce growth, health, sanity, morality. by laws of involution—prohibition, repression, inhibition, and retribution. This is the root of our trouble in marriage.

Social morality has aimed to keep human nature encased, for fear that release would mean a dangerous liberation of impulse upon society. The trend of the new ethics is to build upon a study of the human machine and upon a science of putting each part in order, using the resultant instrument for constructive evolution *(under the control of the individual)*.

The term *marriage* is abstract. It hides the facts of its nature. It is a vacuum into which Woman and Man have been thrust by moral and legal systems, and hedged about by ignorance and subjected to slurs by the very orthodox, who demand the most from it. Everything has been expected from it!—nothing given to those to whom it belongs.

Love has been considered the only valid basis for marriage; theoretically, it is the mysterious attraction of two people for each other; and that alone brings about marriage. Most stumble upon their partners in marriage, guided chiefly by romance. Children are assured by their elders that "love" is an unanalyzable mystery that *just* happens (of course guided by ignorance!)—you'll know when the right one comes along—they are told with a knowing smile. Down from the ages of the past tradition sings the tune—

It had to be you,
It had to be you.
I wondered around and finally found
The somebody who
Could make me true, could make me blue,
And even glad just to be sad
Thinking of you.
Some others I've seen might never be mean,
Might never be cross, or try to be boss,
But they wouldn't do,
For nobody else gave me a thrill.
With all your faults I love you still. *(imagine!)*
It had to be you, wonderful you,
It had to be you.

Theoretically, this thrill has been considered all-sufficient to insure permanent happiness. Most of the world's literature has ended with the marriage of two romantic lovers, whose only inspiration for a life-partnership has had a basis in romantic sentimentalities. Their success thereafter is taken for granted. Is it surprising that we have had a sentimental softening of the brain concerning our approach to marriage?

A considerable part of literature, true to the arbitrary and dual aspect of looking at life, influenced by religions, is devoted to subjecting some trait of human nature to suppression, violence, condemnation, or conflict from some other force. Sex is made the greatest problem between Woman

and Man by elimination of education about it, or else it is placed in a setting of conflict, fear, and condemnation. We get this idea of dealing with various aspects of Life by taboo, repression, subjection, reward and defeat, from a more remote and original source than the immediately-applied autocratic religions of the day however.

It has been assumed that the Creator is a transcendent being, intervening from without in human affairs, rather than an indwelling Life-Force. From this, has developed the idea that certain men are especially designated by the Creator to rule human life—priests, kings—in whose care has been given the interpretation of the words and laws and *commands* of God. Thus there has been a close allegiance between Church and State, all through history.

The idea of government by autocratic rules of morality and suppression and by a person superior and external to the common life of the governed, opposes the principle of government from within. A transcendent monarch on a throne (as God is spoken of in Christian hymns), conveys subjection, homage, servility—not self-government, or an objective part in creation with the Creator, by Woman and Man.

From this it needs little stretch of an intelligent person's imagination to understand why so many mediocre and non-creative neighborhood gossips, supporters of the orthodox, and law-inflicting groups, are so zealous in fighting for censorship, prohibitions, taboos, and suppression. They naturally assume themselves to be the most worthy servants of their autocratic God-master, and they, the henchmen blessed for inflicting punishments and obedience.

But Life, marriage, love, Woman and Man, cannot be controlled by subjection. Only by obeying and understanding the laws of their nature, can Woman and Man release their energy into the objective focus intended by the Creator.

Taboos are bad, as autocracies are bad, because they blindfold behavior, repudiating rational and creative sanctions, substituting dogmatic affirmations of their values. To pronounce things wrong and to decline to consider why, is as objectionable in ethics as in astronomy. "Thou shalt not!" is a formula for savages, for slaves of an Eastern despot, but not for modern Woman and Man. To employ it in the nursery and school is bad moral education. To tell a child that what he does will cause injury and suffering to others, *is* moral instruction, when given with an understanding of the nature of the reasons. To tell him it is wicked, is not moral instruction. Conduct can be regulated by justice, and understanding of the evolutionary values of Life, but to subject it to dogmatic taboos is not morality.

God is not a distant Deity looking down upon us. The law, in obedience to which the seed corn develops into the full corn in the ear, or which conditions our own development from childhood to manhood or womanhood, is not the law of any external command. The law by which the seed corn develops is the inward law of growth. It is in obedience to an inward life-impulse that it springs up from the ground, and this law which it obeys is one it can neither resist nor refuse.

Napoleon Bernard

(To be continued.)

(*N. B.* This is a thought-provoking article on an important problem of the day, and invites discussion, even though the opinions expressed may be ultra-modern, and therefore revolutionary. *Editor I. L. M.*)

DROUPADI

In the interesting study of Sita and Droupadi, which appeared in the January number of the Indian Ladies' Magazine, the treatment accorded to Droupadi is rather harsh. Divinity is attached to Sita and erring humanity to

Droupadi. An erring man or woman, who struggles to be chaste and virtuous, ought to appeal to mortals more than a being whom divinity prevents from sinning. H. G. Wells says that, when he looked out for a guide to carry him through the shame and humiliations of life, he found him in Goldsmith. Goldsmith's tender nature, ennobled by his weaknesses, made him a "congenial saint and hero" for Wells.

Droupadi is not a lovely character according to the study because (1) she did not distribute her love equally among her five husbands and sometimes she let it light upon Karna and even upon Krishna, (2) she did not accompany her husbands to the forest with the same motive with which Sita accompanied her lord, (3) she was unfair in her dealings with Keechaka and (4) she had a revengeful nature.

The idea of a woman with five husbands to love is utterly strange and repugnant to the modern mind. We cannot think of the possibility of such a woman loving all her husbands equally and remaining chaste. We must, therefore, abandon our usual way of thinking in judging Droupadi. Even appreciating the peculiar circumstances in which Droupadi stood as wife, it ought not to be strange that she was partial to Arjuna; for it was Arjuna that won her, bending "the wondrous bow of Drupad" and bringing the distant target "thundering to the ground," and it was on him that she smiled and "flung the bridal garland". Kunti, by mistake, assigned her to all her sons. When, on winning Droupadi, they reported to their mother that they had obtained a great gift, she replied, not knowing what the gift was, "Enjoy ye the gift in common." So sacred were the words of a mother-in-law then, that Droupadi obeyed the mandate and consented cheerfully to be the wife of all the five. If, occasionally, Droupadi directed her love towards Karna, could it not have been that she discerned, as if by instinct, that there was a likeness between Karna

and her five husbands? The love, which she showed to Krishna, was beyond doubt of the nature of a devotee's love to God, which had nothing in common with earthly love. When, in the open court, Duryodana ordered that her modesty should be outraged, her husbands stood like marble statues. Bhima laid his hands on his weapon and Arjuna cast his eyes on his bow, but a stern look from Yudhishtira made both of them nerveless. In vain did Droupadi appeal to her husbands. "Silent all? and will no chieftain rise to save a woman's life, not a hand or voice is lifted to defend a virtuous wife?" In vain did she try to move the elders with her tears. "Bhima, hath he lost his virtue; Drona, hath he lost his might; hath the monarch of the Kurus ceased to battle for the right?" In vain at last did she rely on her own weak strength. A second more and she would have lost all her womanly honour. She held up her hands and called on Sri Krishna of Dwaraka, Sri Krishna, who had run to the help of Prahlada and who had saved Gajendra from the jaws of the ferocious crocodile. Krishna hastened to her aid and we all know what happened subsequently. In these circumstances, what suspicion can there be in Droupadi's devotion to him?

Droupadi might have loved adventure. But other circumstances forced her to go to the forest with her husbands. Her position was not the same as Sita's, when the latter accompanied Rama in his exile. Droupadi had no opportunity to entertain a motive like Sita's. It is, therefore, unfair to hold that she did not go with her husbands out of love for them. Her fondness for the sweet-scented flower in the forest seems hardly distinguishable from the desire that Sita entertained for the deer into which Mareecha transformed himself. When Sita would have the deer, Lakshmana told her that it might be some deceitful *rakshasa*. "But, vainly spake the watchful Lakshmana . . . . , for with forceful fascination Sita's inmost heart was thrilled."

There is no doubt that Keechaka is an abominable character. A nobleman might have been justified in those days in taking liberties with a Sairanthri. But, when the Sairanthri took strong exception to such liberties, the nobleman ought to have retired. Keechaka had been warned of his fate, if he persisted in his folly. But he did not heed the warning. Droupadi had to get him killed to preserve her chastity. If she had brought about an open fight between him and Bhima, she would have landed her lords in a further exile of thirteen years. She knew this, and knowing it she could not but get Keechaka killed in secret. In fact, when Duryodhana heard of Keechaka's death from the men he had sent to find out the Pandavas, he was almost certain that none could have killed Keechaka except Bhima.

It is admitted that a thirst for vengeance is not consistent with womanliness. But Droupadi's thirst for Duryodhana's blood does not call for serious animadversion. She would not have been a woman, if she had overlooked the insult offered to her by Duryodhana. It was natural to her to beg Krishna to remember her unbound locks in his mission to Hastinapura. Moreover, Droupadi had been ordained by God to play the part she did. Krishna had come to rid the earth of Duryodhana and his wicked friends and followers. This plan would not have matured, if peace had been made with Duryodhana. It was but a formal consultation that Krishna held with the Pandava brothers after their return from exile. When it came to Sahadeva's turn to speak at the consultation, he bluntly told Krishna that the Mahabharata war was inevitable and that Krishna himself knew it. Krishna had ordered matters in such a way that the last word should lie with Droupadi's "trailing tresses." Krishna was sent to Hastinapura to do as much as he could to avoid war, but, when he reached there, he did as much as he could to bring about war.

In legendary Greece, there was a woman not unlike Droupadi in her passion for revenge. When Agamemnon, the king of Argos, was away in Troy to avenge the wrong done to his brother, Menelaus of Sparta, his kingdom was left to the guardianship of his cousin Aegisthus. During the guardianship, Aegisthus made love to Agamemnon's wife, Clytemnestra, and won her. When Agamemnon returned to Troy, Clytemnestra and Aegisthus conspired together and killed him. Fearing that Agamemnon's son, Orestes, might one day avenge his father's death, Aegisthus planned to murder him. Agamemnon's daughter, Electra, came to know of this and she had Orestes taken away to a far-off land. Consequently, Clytemnestra grew hot with anger against Electra and had her married to a peasant, who, fortunately for Electra, did not choose to be more than her husband in name. Electra vowed revenge against her mother and Aegisthus; and, when later Orestes joined her, she got both of them killed. Electra's matricide was a sin, but it was held to be a sin that had to be committed as a duty, for Apollo had commanded the matricide. Droupadi's vengeance is not so heinous as Electra's; and, if Electra's could find extenuation, cannot Droupadi's find stronger extenuation?

On the whole, Droupadi did possess "virtues desirable in women" and they are good enough to make her an example to the women of India.

J. D. Tangaswami

LINKS—OLD AND NEW

An odd title for these few thoughts; but, when all is said and done, it really amounts to this—we are all links in the golden chain that binds the whole round world together to the feet of the great Creator, links, old and new, links

so old that the pressure of the new almost strains them to snapping point.

Quite a quarter of a century ago, I was in England; again a few months back I tried to renew my acquaintance with the land I knew, but I was a stranger once again in a strange land. I seemed to belong to the Land of Yesterday. The memories of England, that lingered with me, centred round home, home-life, home-love and home-joys, shaped and influenced by ideals drawn from steadfast Christian faith. Now, watching the present rush for existence, I wondered and am still wondering what the centre is. The old links are there, but want searching for; still, the new will command our admiration and love, perhaps when we are more familiar with them.

London is a land of luxury, where every phase of life is brought to a high state of perfection and is placed in as perfect a setting as the intelligence of man can devise. There is a necessary rush for work and a corresponding rush for pleasure. Time is of great value and a moment may not be lost. The contrast to this was most amusingly emphasized, when on my return, on landing at the first Oriental port, Port Said, I saw the slow-moving traffic and the long-skirted inhabitants, careless of time, and seemingly having nothing to do, lolling against tree trunks in the streets and against the doorways. And yet visitors from America say that London is but a village when compared to New York!

What of India then? It is this that made me think of the title above. What is our claim for existence in the rushing world? Is the India of today looking backward or forward? Is she glancing back to the simple life of old religious records and the sunlight of the days that have been? Is she walking backward through the years, collecting the dear lost delights, or is she facing fearlessly the coming morn, ready to peer into the future, to shoulder responsibility and endure the hardship of the new life?

We are both old and new. We hark back to the simple life of the past, but clutch with eagerness the luxurious delights of ever-growing civilization. It is pleasing to be in an environment of high finish, where conveniences are studied, appointments are perfected, cleanliness is regarded as a strict duty, where order and regularity is a steady routine, where beauty is a cult and art is a necessity.

In dress, in modes of living, in etiquette and even in the practices of religion, it is a struggle to adjust the new with the old. Will the old links hold? Or must they be forged afresh? These few lines, which I found in one of the modern plays, are very apt:

My garden is full of flowers
My mother planted for me;
Curious old-world flowers,
Thyme, lavender, rosemary,
Planted in days gone by,
And though no gardener I,
As the shadows fall, I tend them all
Watering here, pruning there.
Am I happy in my lot?
I know not.

If the editor kindly permits, will my readers discuss this question, the adjustment of the new with the old, not as a whole, but taking up that aspect of social structure or life that appeals to each one of them, I mean, in our ways of living and so on? I think the discussion will be most interesting to look forward to.

H. Krishnamma Hensman.

N. B. **I agree with Mrs. Hensman that such a discussion would be most instructive.**

Editor, I. L. M.

OUR DAUGHTERS—A PLEA

How often does one hear the expression, "Burden some girls", or its equivalent, in India and perhaps in many Eastern countries. Most parents, and particularly those that are not very well off, are usually not congratulated by their friends if they happen to have more than one or two daughters.

Strange as this may sound to Western ears, we Easterners can easily understand the reason behind this. While girls in the West are educated as much as the boys, and are brought up to be almost as independent, if not quite so, as their brothers, our girls used to be trained on quite different lines. The old, Oriental idea was that every girl's vocation in life was to be a good wife and mother. With this end in view, her training at home, and her limited education at school were such as to fit her to be a housewife. Even the three R's were considered unnecessary in many cases.

Our girls had to marry, not whom they wished, but whom they must, as all marriages were carefully arranged by parents or other interested relations.

Then came the vexing and inevitable question of a good dowry, without which no girl could be given in marriage even to her nearest relative. What was even worse, every daughter's wedding left the parents either with a bad debt or in circumstances bordering on it.

But India, in step with many parts of the world, is changing and in some ways rapidly so. Today, it is not uncommon for Indian girls to be given, not merely an elementary education, but even a higher one. It is not unusual for a minority of our girls, not merely to be independent by earning handsome salaries, but even to support their parents, sisters and brothers.

When this is now the case with our girls, it is deplorable to find that our young men, even with British or other foreign qualifications, still actually insist on as big a dowry as they think their position in life justifies. It is almost as if all their degrees or diplomas are rated in terms of rupees, property and jewellery.

Whether this is due to the old-world ideas and customs of our parents and grand-parents, or to the modern methods of our so-called Western-educated young men, it is highly deplorable. How any thinking man or woman can expect the parents of any girl, who has been given a liberal education, to impoverish themselves by finding a dowry as well, is rather difficult to understand. Why the unfortunate parents-in-law-to-be should help to pay for a part, or the whole of the education of their son-in-law-to-be, is even more difficult to understand. If people wish to have as sons-in-law men who have been educated in the West and are willing to pay for such expensive education, it is a different matter.

Mothers in India and Ceylon have complained that our young men, not merely ask, but even insist on, dowries, before they will consent to marry a girl. It may be argued that to many a young, married couple starting life in these days, the wife's dowry can be a great help to supplement a small and all-too inadequate income. I quite agree, but in the majority of cases that I know of personally, a dowry has not been a help, but just the contrary.

Counting on cash or property, the young people begin their life regardless of any idea of economy. If the husband is not what he should be, he can waste the inherited wealth in a comparatively short time. Most young folk are in danger of spending injudiciously what *others* have worked hard to earn.

Then, there is the stupendous danger of not working as hard as a young man should, if he knows there is some-

thing to stand him in good stead, even if he did not work hard.

What is even more tragic is that this state of affairs among our young men does not encourage parents to give their girls as liberal an education as they would otherwise choose to do. Some people even argue that they demand dowries because it is the general custom and others do it! But surely some one must begin and set a better example, and who is so competent as the more liberally educated of our men?

The golden sands of time are running down rapidly through the hour-glass and we in India are at the parting of the ways today. What shall we choose? Shall we still cling blindly to narrowing and cramping customs, or shall we sweep aside all that we can see, as so obviously out of keeping with our modern knowledge and thought?

Is it nothing to you, young men of India, to see your girls ignored and treated with unfairness?

If we wish to build a new Jerusalem (as I feel certain we all do!) in our Motherland, let us take every care to see that the *foundations* are soundly laid. Let us use well-tempered mortar and see to it in ordinary prudence that the foundation is worthy of the superstructure we are trying to put on it.

Countries and nations want **MOTHERS**, and the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world. Therefore, may I ask you in all earnestness to stand by your girls and women, and not to neglect your privilege of doing your duty by them, as the sons and builders of a New and Greater India—the Land we love so well!

E. I. Tampoe
11. Harvey Road, CAMBRIDGE

—

THE POWER OF MUSIC

If life was just the drab repetition of petty joys and sorrows, success and failures, eating and sleeping, that makes us puppets of fate, it would be unendurable, not worth the living. But in each one of us there is something deeper and finer than this, something constantly demanding expression, an indefinable something that we call Soul. This soul longs for music. If we give it expression, it will enable our life to blossom into fuller beauty.

Music is the native tongue of Mother Nature. The song of the bird—the rippling brook—the thundering wave—the sighing breeze--all are her melodies. Yet glorious above all these glories is the power of man-made music.

At the roll of drums, the savage heart beats faster. At the trumpet's call, brave men march out to die. The mother croons a lullaby and tired little eyes find rest. As we listen to the harmony of an orchestra rising and falling in expressive melody, something is stirred within us, we are swept into unknown realms of romance, leaving behind all cares and worries of life.

Music speaks in a universal language, the language we all love, the language we all understand. It is not easy for us to treat of the vast possibilities of music and its importance. A large volume will hardly cover such a wide subject in its entirety.

However, one likes to picture the endless pleasure that music can bring into our lives, and its great importance.

It is precisely music that, by its pure and holy infinity, most readily resolves the infinity of our sorrows; and melody in all ages has subdued the ravenous monsters of madness and misery. Addison says, "Music is the only sensual gratification which mankind may indulge into excess, without injury to their moral or religious feelings."

It is music that has charms to soothe a savage breast; it is music that has powers to soften rocks or bend a knotted oak. Music calms our spirit, composes our thoughts, delights our ear, recreates our minds, and fills our hearts with pure and useful thoughts. Music is the art of the prophets, because it is the only art that can subdue the agitations of the soul; it is one of the most magnificent and delightful gifts of God. The following lines of Hogg's may be quoted as showing the power of music:—

"Of all the arts beneath the Heaven,
That man has made or God has given,
None draws the soul so sweet away,
As music's melting, mystic lay;
Slight emblem of the bliss above,
It soothes the spirits all to love."

Music is the mysterious keeper of the key that opens the gates of memory, because often "in its mildest, simplest strain, we live over years of bliss again". In conclusion, it may be said that music is the best recreation both to mind and body, whensoever either of them stand in need of it.

K. V. Swaminathan.

—

BE GLAD

Oh joy in life's doings, —
The bright sunny hours;
There's sunlight right all 'long the way;
The spaces of time
A-flooding with light;
There's laughter and love for each day.

Oh joy in life's waitings, —
Think bright sunny thoughts,
The great world needs sunshine and light,
'Tis hungry for love,
For kindness that "lives",
That lightens the darkness of night.

Mrs. G. K. Chettur, B. A.

wife of the Principal, Government College, Mangalore, the first lady to be appointed Honorary first class Magistrate in Mangalore, S. Kanara.

Photo by R. Venkoba Rao, Srirangam

PUBLIC LIBRARY
MADRAS

IQBALUNISSA BEGUM

The first Mohommedan Lady graduate of Mysore

Oh joy in life's living,—
Dig deep for the best,
Hold fast to the golden ideal;
Front life with a cheer,
With love that creates,
Where vision shall merge into real;

Oh joy in life's duties,—
Just everywhere see,
The dignity, beauty of all,
Ennobled by thought,
By rightness and love,
The life-throb of great and of small.

Oh joy in life's kindness,—
As grass by the way,
Or shade of the leafage above,
Kindness grown greater,
Than justice or right,
The little bit more,—that is LOVE.

HILDA L. EVERETT

The first Mohammedan lady graduate of the Mysore University.

IQBALUNISSA BEGUM, B. A.

(Mrs. S. A. Hussain)

Iqbalunissa Begum has the honour of being the first Mohammedan lady graduate of the Mysore University, a unique honour for South India, considering purdah restrictions for Muslim ladies.

She is the daughter of the late Mr. M. G. Mohideen Ali Khan Sahib, Retired District Superintendent of Police. She was subject to all the prevailing ghosha conditions of a Muslim household. From childhood she was keen about studies, but was able to work at only Urdu, Persian and the Koran.

Soon after her marriage, her real education began; for her husband, Mr. S. A. Hussain, helped her greatly in

English and Arithmetic. He had to go to Bombay for Engineering and was away for four years; but, though his wife's studies suffered to some extent, yet they were carried on through correspondence.

She soon came to the notice of the Mission ladies and was employed as a tutor in one of their Zenana schools. She continued her studies with her husband when he came back, and progressed rapidly. Mr. C. R. Reddy, the then Inspector-General of Education, Mysore, to encourage a Muslim lady, granted her exemption from previous school-attendance and allowed her to join the secondary school-leaving certificate class in the Maharani High School, Mysore. She was able to take the certificate in two years, one spent at Mysore and the other in the Vani Vilas Institute, Bangalore.

There was then a break of three years, but she did not give up her object. Later, when the Arts Branch for the Entrance was opened at the Vani Vilas Institute, Bangalore, she again joined the school and passed the examination, which brought her to the threshold of the University. Then, she joined the Maharani's College for women, Mysore, and for three years more struggled with her studies as well as with other duties, for by now she was the mother of seven children. In spite of her chequered course of studies, however, she succeeded at last in getting through the B. A., and was able to take her degree in 1930. She also won a gold medal for being first in Persian. She will be going to England this year, to study most probably at Leeds for the M. Ed.

The Mysore Government helped her right through with scholarships and gave her every encouragement, but much credit is due to her own persevering efforts and the steady co-operation of her husband, Mr. S. A. Hussain, who is now in the Mysore Government Service. All those, who know her, wish her the best of success in life. *H. S. H.*

Our serial Story

GAURI'S MARRIAGE

CHAPTER VI

The day after the Ennore trip, Gauri, back again in her own home, waited once more for her husband to come down to breakfast; but she did not seem the same girl as before. She was very unhappy. There was a bad taste, as it were, in her mouth. She felt as if she had risen from some illness, during which she had not been quite conscious.

When she had waked from sleep after a very restless night, the first thought which had beaten into her brain was that *he* was alive—alive, he—he—her first husband, Prakash, whom she had thought dead and gone out of her life for ever. Oh, what was she to do? But, gradually courage had come to her. Why should she be so terrified?

What indeed was there to be afraid of? She had not done anything wrong; she was quite safe now. She was not his wife. She was not at his mercy; on the other hand she had her husband to depend on now, her stalwart man. And yet—and yet—that voice—smooth—musical, yet somehow dreadful to her; she did not wish to hear it again. And, she was afraid, though she knew there was no need for fear.

Had he come for her? But, surely, he had heard what had happened. He could not get her again. He had gone out of her life for ever, thank Heaven. Then her thoughts turned to her husband.

What had really happened? What had she done, what had she said, when she had heard that voice out of the lonely darkness of the lake? Why indeed had she been so silly as to faint? She felt as if she had been very foolish. Several times, she had wished to ask her husband about it; but had caught herself back. He had asked her of course why she had fainted, whose voice she had heard, but she had begged him not to talk to her about it.

Was her husband disgusted with her? Was he very angry with her? Did he think anything wrong about her? Was that perhaps why he was changed to her, for changed indeed she felt him to be, though very slightly.

They had come to know each rather well in Ennore. Gauri indeed had felt once for all that she had got the man she had wanted all her life; the ideal that she had desired. He satisfied her. And he? Was he satisfied with her? He had had so little time to know her; and she was such a poor creature. What was there in her for him

to appreciate? Yet, she had felt in Ennore that he had really come to like her, till that last day.

But she might be wrong. It had happened only yesterday. She had gone to bed at once after their return from the river. He had been so good to her, helping her, soothing her half-dazed thoughts. But what had she said, what?

The next morning, they had waked up early, according to arrangement, and started for their own place. He had still been kind and good, but somehow seemed to have withdrawn himself, to be distant, more like a brother, than someone nearer and dearer. Gauri felt herself blushing; then grew paler. Was he really beginning to dislike her? Did he feel that he had made a mistake in marrying her? Had she spoilt his life, burdening him with her useless self, and her people?

Ah! that was it. Why should her people be a burden on him, Mallika and Sankar, those two dear ones of hers, who were really such a trouble in their youthfulness and their innocence? He had been so kind to them too, though perhaps sometimes too strict and critical. But, they had deserved that. They needed a stern hand over them. Mallika was now going to be some trouble with that new fancy of hers.

And that brought that wretched letter back to Gauri's mind. Perhaps, that was the cause of the whole thing, of the change in her husband. That stupid Mallika! But suddenly Gauri shook herself and got up from her chair. She felt she was getting unreasonable. Why should poor Mallika be charged with more than she deserved? What had she to do with the rematerialisation of that man? And was not the meeting with the latter really the cause of the change in her husband? What had Mallika to do with that? Really, Arjuna had not cared about her keeping that letter from him. He was too noble and uninterfering for that.

Ah! there he was. He came down rather solemnly, reading a letter. He looked up at her, and she turned to smile at him. His return smile seemed very perfunctory to the sensitive and suspicious Gauri.

She was looking very pretty that day, in spite of her anxiety. In fact, the wistful look on her face rather added to its charm. As if to set fate at defiance, she had forced herself to dress well. She had put on a pale pink Sari; and pink always suited her. The narrow gold lace on the silk set off the ivory tint of her face, from which, beneath folds of soft black hair, her dark eyes glowed, at first wistful and pathetic,

and then, as she realised his attitude, a little frightened. But Gauri had the heart of a lioness, and gradually courage came into her tell-tale face. She also stiffened.

"Gauri", he said coming down, "Is breakfast ready? I have to be at my office early. I have some heavy work to do."

So they sat down to breakfast. At the end of it, Gauri went drearily to the window. She had eaten hardly anything, and there were tears in her eyes, which she tried to blink back.

He had buried himself in his paper. Suddenly, she heard his voice behind her and thrilled.

"Gauri" he said, "Good-bye, I am going."

She turned and her tears brimmed over. He took her hand and drew her towards him. "Why are you crying?" he asked, "are you sorry?"

"Sorry for what?"

"Sorry that you were forced to marry me. That hurried marriage of ours was so hasty and forced. Are you sad about it?"

"No, no, of course not. And you?"

"Of course not, as you say." He was silent for a minute, then speech burst from him.

"Gauri," he said, "tell me why you fainted yesterday. Whose voice was it you heard? Of whom were you frightened?"

The tears came into her eyes again. "Arjuna," she whispered, "why bring up that old subject again? May I ask you one favour?"

"What is it?" he asked; "And what is the old subject you are referring to? Surely, it is not—your first marriage."

"Please don't speak about that affair to me. I am sick of it. I have suffered and borne enough. Can't it be closed hereafter? It has nothing now to do with me."

"Are you sure of that?"

"Please, please, Arjuna, ..."

"Gauri, my dear, you must tell me. Was it his voice you heard, Prakash's? Then he is alive?"

At her unwilling nod, he turned away, and walked to the window, where he stood a few minutes. Then he turned to her sternly: "You are sure you are quite free from him?"

She nodded.

"Then why did you faint yesterday? Why did you say first you were glad, and then that it was too late?"

"Did I say all that?"

"Yes."

"I . . . . I think," she stammered, "I meant that I was glad it was too late."

He looked pleased at first; then some imp seemed to prompt him to make quite sure.

"Are you certain of that?" he asked her, perhaps a shade coldly, in order to hide the relief he felt, for he was a shy man.

At his words and look, a sense of resentment possessed her, with perhaps a greater hold that it would have if she had been in a normal state of mind. But, she was feeling very weary and unsettled, and a funny sort of feeling overcame her. Surely, if he really loved her, he would have understood her. She felt shut up, as it were, in herself.

Instinctively sensing the tension, but misunderstanding it, he laughed bitterly.

"There you are, you see," he said in a queer kind of choked tone. "You don't take the trouble to say what you really do mean; and so I must believe that you're sorry you are not free to go to him."

"But . . . but . . . he is married already."

He took her up at once. "Does that mean," he asked jealously, "that if he is not married, you would have been glad to belong to him?"

Gauri looked up startled; "Why, no," she stammered.

"You seem to be doubtful; but I hear his wife is dead, and he is free. It is a pity that you are bound to me. Are you sorry?"

"I . . . . . I?"

"You hesitate, and you don't deny it. What must I think about it?"

"If I deny it, will you believe me?"

"Of course, I will," he said eagerly.

A hot flush crept into her cheeks. For a second, she forgot her resentment, and was eager to deny what he thought. But she felt shy. How could she tell him in so many words that she was glad, glad to belong to him? She had never been demonstrative, and she was an Indian girl.

And, in that pause, he said something unfortunate, "Pushpam, my cousin," he told her, "advised me to be kind to you always about this affair. I cannot deny that I have been inclined to be jealous; but she said I must not feel like that, as it was all past and gone. I must be patient, she told me. So Gauri, will you forgive me for worrying you, and be friends again?"

At any other time, his words would have mollified her, and induced her to open her heart to him. But now her distracted mind could only

Mrs. Sonubai Kale.
the only lady member of the Aundh State Assembly, recently nominated.

Photo by R. Venkoba Rao, Srirangam.

[library stamp: ... PUBLIC LIBRARY ... MADRAS]

Japanese Girls

Lent by Y. W. C. A.

take in the fact that he had actually dared to consult Pushpam about her, Pushpam, that supercilious girl. A hot anger possessed her, and again a fierce jealousy.

"It is a pity," she remarked bitterly, "that you didn't marry Pushpam. Then, you wouldn't have had all this trouble."

He looked up quickly and was startled by the ugly sneer on her lips, which he had thought were only meant for smiling. He stood up.

"So that's that," he said, and then he asked her abruptly, "Where is Mallika's letter? Show it to me."

"I am sorry I cannot," she said as abruptly as he did. "There is something in it for myself alone."

"I expect she saw this man, Prakash, and she wrote to you all about him and told you to be ready for him. Eh, Gauri, was that it?"

"Think as you like," she said with difficulty, for the tears were rising fast to her eyes, and she could hardly speak.

"It is a pity you are married to me."

"Why?"

"You know."

Getting back a measure of her self-possession, she faced him proudly.

"Are you sorry you married me? Have I spoilt your life?"

"Have I said so?"

"But you haven't said it wasn't so. Why did you marry me at all? And you are always saying I am sorry. That makes me suspicious. Yet, you knew all about this affair. It wasn't kept a secret from you."

"My mother did not mind it."

"So, it was on account of your mother that you consented to this match. If it had been yourself, you would have hesitated."

He stared at her. This was a new Gauri to him. He admired her more now, if possible; but he also resented her attitude. He said an unfortunate thing.

"My mother was a large-hearted woman; and what she said was law to me."

"So, I have spoilt your life then?"

"Gauri, don't take me up like that. I never said it. I can also take you up sharply, you know. Even now I don't know what to think. Tell me, dear, that you are really not sorry you haven't married Prakash."

Gauri bent forward eagerly, a hot denial on her lips.

"I-I-of course-" she began; and then she suddenly froze up again. He had doubted her a few minutes before. Would he believe

her now? Love should mean trust; he did not then trust her. She did not see the injustice of her thoughts. She only felt that he did not seem to love her, as she hoped to be loved. Then, another doubt came. Had she really spoilt his life? He had denied that assertion in a way. Perhaps, he had done that, just to comfort her. And, he had not even denied it properly. Perhaps, she was trying purposely to delude herself. Perhaps he had seen what a silly unworthy creature she really was and was wearied of her.

A feeling of obstinacy overcame her, which she could only characterise later as 'cussedness'. She sat silent.

He turned away wearily. At the door he paused:

"I shall come back late; you know I'm going to the Indian club dinner to-night. From my office, I shall go straight to my aunt's house, I think, and not come here before the dinner. She has asked us so many times, and we have never been there yet."

"Yes." She managed to say.

"If you like, get a car, and come too, Gauri."

"I — — I am not feeling very well, Arjuna. I shall come another day."

"Very well, Gauri. But I do wish you can make friends with my aunt and her daughter. You could learn so many things from them, especially from Pushpam, though she is younger than you, only eighteen indeed. They are such fine people, you know. Besides, you're looking pale and tired" he added, "come out to-day."

"Oh, I shall be all right. Don't worry about me."

"As you wish," he said coldly and went away.

Gauri felt then that she hated that supercilious aunt of his and her pale and fashionable daughter. How possessive they seemed to be of him! Oh, she was jealous, jealous!

She spent a miserable day, trying to busy herself in arduous duties, so as not to give herself time to think. But, when night came, she could do nothing to stem the tide. After a meagre dinner, she dragged her weary, trembling limbs to the bed-room and sat in her favourite chair. Heavy was her heart. He had thought badly of her, and she had behaved so badly, that he could only think worse of her hereafter. He did not love her.

Slow tears welled up in her eyes and fell down her cheeks. Whom could she go to in her trouble? Oh . . . oh . . . . oh!

After a while, she calmed down and sat silent. Arjuna still had not returned. She looked at her watch. It was nearly 11 o'clock. She felt anxious about him, but knew that was silly. The servants all seemed to have gone to sleep. In the meanwhile, she was very

tired. Her head dropped back, and her eyes half-closed; but she was not asleep, nor even dozing. She was seeing visions, visions of what had happened to her in her short, yet tragic, life.

She had been born blind. Her dear parents had been so good to her, eager to be her eyes in everything. She had seen the world through them; and her knowledge of it was as simple and as guileless as theirs; for they were gentle, honest, country folk. Her father had read to her and taught her many things. She had learnt to read. She had been taught to sing Indian music and she sang well, for she had a beautiful low voice, peculiarly suited to the Indian system.

Her father had had her eyes examined by two or three doctors. They had not held out much hope then; but had asked him to wait some years longer, and then get her examined again. Something might be possible then.

She had grown up. Her brother and sister had been born. They had been kind to her, especially Sankar; Mallika also, though she had sometimes shown intolerance. Time had passed happily, though her mother had become somewhat of an invalid. Gauri had become a close companion to them both, especially to her dear father. She dwelt fondly over the old recollections.

Then, a change had come, when she was seventeen years old. Her parents, she knew, had always been anxious to get her married; for what would happen to her, a blind Indian girl, when they died? She had left everything to them, and told them to do as they liked. She had such trust and confidence in them and their judgment. They told her one day that some one had asked to marry her. He had seen her often in church and in public, and he did not mind a bit about her blindness. He craved, he said, to look after her helplessness, and take care of her. Her father had made enquiries about this man from one or two friends, who had said that they had all heard well of him, though they did not know much about him; for he was a new man to that district. He was a Tamil Brahmin convert, a graduate and had become Professor in a college in Northern India. He seemed to be a good man; was certainly a pleasant man, a man who knew what were called 'English Manners'. He was kind and considerate to everyone, and had become quickly popular with all. Would Gauri allow him to talk to her, and would she do her best to like him? He appeared to be rather in a hurry, for he had to join his work soon. Her parents hated to send her away North; but they did not wish to stand in their child's path. Marriage with a good man, after all, was the best for a woman, especially for a blind helpless girl like her.

Then, Prakash had been introduced to her. She remembered the occasion so well. Her mother had dressed her in silk and a few jewels — for she hated too many of the latter — had oiled and combed her long hair and put flowers in it; she had been like a sheep led to the slaughter, she now thought with a scornful smile. She had been led by her father into their small drawing-room, where her sensitive ear knew there were some four or five people. They had all been talking eagerly, but there had been a sudden silence, when she entered. It made Gauri suspicious, but she forgot all about it in what followed. Really, the pause had been due to the sensation created by her striking, yet pathetic, appearance. Tall, slim, dressed all in white, with smooth hair drawn back over a noble brow, fair with the tint of old ivory, her big black eyes, wide-open, but with such a blank look in their sweet depths, her drooping mouth trembling with fear and excitement......, she had stood before them, and one at least among them had held his breath in awe and love. Then Mr. Prakash had been taken to her by her father. She had held out her hand, which had been taken in a firm clasp. The man's fingers had been too soft and smooth, Gauri had thought, but they had not been limp or heavy. Then, his voice had fallen on her ears, and she had thrilled to it; for it had been very musical, and music was everything to her. She had listened to it with pleasure, but at the same time had been struck by a quality of hardness in it. She felt that the man was capable of being a good man; but somehow his life had been spoilt.

His talk had fascinated her, for, then and in the days that followed, he had somehow managed to see a good deal of her. He had talked to her well about her favourite literature in English. He had idealised her hero-poets, Shakespeare and Tagore. He seemed to agree with her in everything, and yet there was a fine quality of criticism in his talk, which had corrected her in details, without her feeling any resentment, and had made her look more ahead, and enlarged her scope of thought.

Then, he had talked to her about India and she had admired him. Unlike so many Indian Christians, he had high hopes for India and believed Indians capable of self-government, though not for many years yet. In spite of the mistakes of her great ones, he said that everything would go well with India yet. Her many races would unite and would yet place her in the foremost rank in the world.

And then, he had been so kind to her, so thoughtful of her, always placing her before everything and everyone. He had poured out before her his dear hopes of a life together. He had said he loved her. He

had spoken impassioned words to her. One of his sayings had impressed her very much, and she still remembered it. "I love you so much," he had said, "that I would do anything to keep you mine, Gauri. I would dare Hell itself not to lose you. You are my only aim and goal in life now." The words had thrilled her then; they thrilled her now.

So a week had passed, and she finally had been coaxed into giving her consent to the marriage. He had kissed her, she remembered.

She did not love the man, as she had dreamed of loving. She, of course, did not know what sort of a face he had. He was tall and stalwart and broad-shouldered, but that was all she knew of his appearance. But she had been fascinated by him, as we have seen, and liked him; more than all, she had been intrigued by his avowed admiration and liking for her. Something naturally rose in her own heart, in response to his ardour, and she hoped great things of their life together. She hated to leave her parents, but what had the Bible said: "Thy people shall be my people." But he seemed to have none of his own people alive.

Hurried preparations had been made for a quick wedding; there had not been time even to get her sister and brother away from a distant school. When the day of her marriage dawned, Gauri had been all of a tremble.

She had gone through the marriage ceremony as in a dream, repeating her vows and responses in an anticipation of hope, that she now shrank from thinking of. After that, to the strains of the Wedding March from *Lohengrin* she had come down the church, on her husband's arm, the flower girls strewing sweet petals before them, to the scent of which she sensitively thrilled.

Then had come that terrible scene in the vestry. A dear friend of theirs had travelled in hot haste from a distant town to warn them. But he had arrived only after the nuptial knot had been tied; and so, unwilling to disturb the sacred peace, had waited till the service, which he knew was only a mock one, had drawn to a close. Then, Gauri had heard Mr. Prakash denounced. The man had already a wife living, hidden away somewhere in an out-of-the-way corner of India. Marriage with Gauri was bigamy; she had escaped well from an evil-doer's clutches.

He had tried to take her hand, she remembered; he had tried to plead for himself. But, she had shrunk from him and then she had heard him mutter in her ear, "I shall get you yet." She had not paid any attention to him. She had felt dazed absolutely; and yet, she

recollected that, even in her bewilderment, she had felt that now her first suspicion about his too smooth and soft fingers, and about the hardness of his voice, had been justified. Then, she had clung to her father, her head had gone round and round, and she had fainted for the first time in her life.

When she recovered, she was in her own home. She had never gone out at all after that; she had pined and fretted, till at last her father, very sorry for the mess he had made of things in his hurry, and not able to stand the pitying kindness of his well-meaning friends, had made up his mind to leave his native Telugu country and settle somewhere in the Tamil land. He wished to get the whole matter forgotten.

He had somehow secured a transfer; but, before going to the new home, she had been taken to the Missionary Hospital in another town, and placed under an eye-specialist; and there their great hope had been fulfilled. She had been given her eye-sight. Oh! what a blessing her eyes had been to her in her shame and bitterness of heart! Gradually, the memory of what had happened had grown dim, blotted out by all the new things in store for her. She had read and studied under the guidance of her father. Her mother was still an invalid, and it was Gauri's privilege now to look after the house. Her brother and sister had come back often for their holidays; and time had passed all too quickly.

Then, when she was twenty, this new change had come. All the old things had gone suddenly out of her life. Father and mother had passed away, and here she was to all practical purposes, alone, but for her husband, her whole life given into his keeping.

But, she was afraid of Prakash. There was a dread in her heart, an evil premonition of what might happen. Had he not said that he would somehow get her, that "he would dare even Hell for her." She felt afraid of what he would do to her. He had had a strong power over her once; he had had a dreadful fascination for her; and there was no doubt she had been sorry he had to go away from her. She had felt moreover, that she belonged to him, till she had heard he had died. And then, she bad felt very sorry — so sorry that — that — but her father had come to her aid and she had forgotten more or less about him, the quicker because he really had had no true attraction for her. She knew he was not a good man, but he had been so fascinating, so virile, so witty; and she — had — been blind; he had been so considerate of her, so thoughtful for her, always helping her, thinking of her, acting for her, talking to her. Sheer, rank flat-

tery it had been, yet it had been very pleasant; for, who would usually care for a blind shy girl like herself? No outsiders had, till he had come. It must have been love. He had said so. What had there been in her to attract him? No money, no position, no degrees in education, no accomplishments. Her Brahmin caste perhaps — but he could have got that in other places. No — no — she had really thought he had liked her — at least enough to — to — and that was really why she had liked him, and been fascinated by him. And so — and so —

But now, that was all over, for Gauri loved her husband, and no one else had any fascination for her; and perhaps, her husband was not wanting her, never would want her again. He had liked her at first, it was true; but now? So her thoughts went round in a sort of vicious circle. It had passed midnight by that time; and still her husband had not come up. Gauri dragged herself to bed, and there, tired and weary, she soon fell into an uneasy sleep. She remembered as in a hazy dream, her husband coming to bed.

"Sleeping, Gauri"? he asked in a gentle tone.

She murmured something.

"Good-night then, sleep well."

She tossed and turned for sometime, for she was re-living all the old tragic scenes. She dreamt she was out all alone on a wide stormy sea, heaving and tumbling about in a frail, broken boat. There was another boat not far away, tossing about also like hers, but there were two people in it, a man and a woman. She called to the man, who was very much like Arjuna; but he could not reach her, because the woman, who was like Pushpam, was holding him back. Frightened by her loneliness and her danger, Gauri moaned and called for help and could not find rest in her heaving boat. Suddenly, it seemed to her that help did come. She was taken into a calm haven of peace; tender arms enfolded her; a gentle hand smoothed her brow; a soft voice whispered to her. Calmed and rested, she drifted into a sound and dreamless sleep.

She awoke late in the morning. Her husband had gone away. Gauri drowsily lay quiet in bed for a few minutes. She still felt soothed and refreshed; around her she still felt the comforting hold, into which she had so calmly slipped from a stormy dream. Who had held her, who had soothed her, who had whispered to her, she wondered. Had it been all a dream?

Then, recollection of all that had happened, swept over her, and she was up in a flash. Oh, what an unhappy day to wake to! What

would happen to her, she thought. Life seemed so empty, so dreary, so hopeless. The bitter taste in her mouth was so cloying.

But through it all, lingered the sweet memory of the end of her dream.

(To be continued.)

K. S.

In Man's Realm

SARTOR INDICA

(CONTINUED)

The Indian Sartor has a future—a great future, unless we turn out to be unimaginative people. We have seen that it has been possible to conceive of a state of things where there can be two opinions on the obviously simple question of whether we should be clothed. It has been seen that our climatic, geographical, and other peculiarities have really no bearing on this question; that clothes, though not an absolute physical necessity, have something to say about our sense of decency. Of course, it cannot be said that climate has no relation to the particular type of costume worn by any one race or community, but then there we enter a different field, which we shall not enter.

It is impossible to persuade the South Indian field-labourer to take any interest in his clothes. An appeal to his spirit of nationalism—if you can find it in him—may produce a change in the material of his loin-cloth and headgear, but all efforts at shouldering him with an extra piece of tailored drapery are sure to prove a waste of energy. He will say he does not want it. He will tell you that his father and grandfather were healthier than he, that they were all right as they were; so why should *he* bother? That is *Unchanging, Unchangeable* India. You cannot touch Her. In addressing oneself to any problem of sartorial reform, therefore, these obstinate cases will have to be ticked off.

The subject itself fails to have any interest for the man in the street. The Westernised Indian has a vague feeling that somewhere something is wrong. And he does not think about it seriously till his innocent combination of a blazer with stiff winged collars and black batswing bow has attracted attention at a garden party. He feels that after all there is no well-defined code of sartorial propriety for the Indian; and his uneasy mind travels back to his school-days, when a pair of shorts, a closed coat, and a velvet cap set him down as a boy of quality.

Let us now see how we stand. There is surely no better field for observation of South India's sartorial eccentricities than the railway station. I am talking of men. Women, I mean our South Indian women, are more or less sane; and, since they seem to want to learn more of what their husbands and brothers are doing, I feel that any influence from that quarter is bound to have far-reaching results.

It is about train time and the platform is a scene of bustle. Behind a mass of gracefully-wrapped crimson *Kornad*, ambles a half-naked pot-bellied man—a disgrace to the sweet form in front, whom he calls his wife. Diamonds gleam from his ten fingers. That piece of gold-bordered red silk wound round what he calls his waist is worth not less than a hundred rupees, and the *veshti*, which he has adjusted with such consummate nonchalance, is itself a matter of some eighteen rupees. To say nothing of the diamonds and the gold bracelet I have omitted to mention, the silk alone on this person would fit up a West End buck for the King's levees.

Comes then the overdressed Indian dandy—Ramaswamy Pillay with his lips reddened by betel—a silk shirt set off to advantage by a finely-creased *angavasthram* showing both its gold borders ironed down parallel to the length of the cloth—a blaze of glory from right shoulder to left waist, very like those swell-looking "what ye call'ums" that adorn the persons of ambassadors, crowned kings and children of the latter. His elder brother, Srinivasagam Pillay, however, happens to be a Head Clerk or so in the Collector's office and is therefore rigged out *a la mode*, an alpaca coat open at the top, exposing a knitted tie with a disgracefully small knot, and its length looking very like the tail of a lizard turned end-side up. He too has a silk *angavasthram*, which he will tie up into a turban with amazing rapidity the moment he sights his boss.

From the far end of the platform, rolls old Mr. Subbarama Iyer, B. A., B. L., Advocate, on his way to the District Magistrate's Court, with a sheaf of typed papers under his arm and half-a-dozen admiring clients to his left and right. His coat, if the tailor's intentions are to be recorded, is 'closed', but it is open, and intentionally so, since he has to show his newly-acquired tape, which alone would distinguish him from the mere B. L. His tape sprouts from God knows where, since there is no trace of a winged, double, single, or even a soft collar to explain its *raison d'etre*.

From one end of the railings peeps a ferocious-looking *badmash*, sporting a blue satin shirt, a multi-coloured *loongi* and a temporarily adjusted piece of headgear, the crimson of which makes that Westernised

pupil of your eye shrink. His shirt is cut after the fashion of kimonos up to a length, after which you believed that wiser counsels prevailed, resulting in a sudden sweeping cut. He presents a good picture anyway.

Your quick eye, thereafter, catches the rapid march of a maroon velvet cap through the throng. Its owner, Mohommed Miran Rowther, a heavily-scented gent of about forty, has a *veshti*, the thickness of which makes a most unpleasant rustle as he passes you. The same cloth, as well as a coloured undervest, are kept in position by a broad pocketed belt of leather and green serge. His small son is just a smaller edition in the matter of raiment, save that he has an extravagant allowance of heavy jewellery about his neck and wrists.

In the one good armchair provided in the First and Second class Waiting room, rests Mr. K. R. Kesava Subramaniam, M. A., B. C. L. (Oxon.), I. C. S.—he that was censured by Principal Jack Brown for too much sympathy with khaddar and revolutionary movements during his college days. That of course was an affair of the past. He is now quite comfortable in his palm-beach suit, his semi-stiff collar and the I. C. S. tie. He says "It is pretty hot", but that at C—, where he had done so well as Assistant Collector, it was beastly. He even tells you that tweeds are not quite as unbearable on hot days as some people would say.

Observing this fine young Indian Civil Servant from the door of the room, is a tramp in tattered hollands—but I need not bring this person into strong relief in a picture of South Indian humanity. Tramps the world over seem to follow some unwritten code. You are forced to notice this from pictures. The same beard, the same down-in-the-dumps look, the same baggy trousers with those delightfully picturesque folds and patches, and the same amount of filth uniformly spread all over. I leave him, since he does not help me.

There are then the less prominent types no less picturesque, petty traders on their way back home, coolies et cetera, all very sparingly clad, porters, peons, beggars "and miscellaneous unclean persons, whom nitre and much soap will not wash clean". I have not by any means exhausted all the details of the picture before me for fear of a break-down; they are so many and so varied.

The little group of persons painted by me satisfies my present requirements. You will agree that all these persons brought under the same temperature and pressure cannot but have the same atmospheric reactions, any difference being the result only of varied dietetic habits. Such being the case, it is impossible to see why the rich millionaire should bare so much of his unlovely person, while the Oxford gentleman

could find it convenient to cover himself with care. It cannot be that the millionaire finds it too cumbersome to be clothed; it cannot be that he is miserly; he has spent a good bit on the very scanty piece of silk round him. If discomfort has decided the question then, you will have to say that all those Indians who have taken to Western ways are absurdly slavish. The trouble lies elsewhere. The Indian Indian, as distinct from the Westernised, has no sense of proportion. If he has vanity enough in him to adorn himself in brightly-coloured silks, it follows naturally that he does not realise that he offends his brother unpardonably in other ways. I have no doubt that the usage of ages alone has been responsible for this state of affairs. He has not yet come to that stage of realisation of his responsibilities, which makes him 'let live' while he lives. What he wants is evidently the conversion, rather the deflection of a line of view which has been fixed for him by his worthy ancestors, a small matter, but very difficult to tackle when you come to it. Take it for illustrative purposes that we, South Indians, have agreed upon a particular kind of travelling gear—say a sort of cross between Jodhpur breeches and Afghan pants. Our old man will immediately object, saying it would make it impossible for him to lift up his hands in salutation to Minakshi, as he sights the golden tower of the temple at Madura. It is an insult to the Goddess, he tells you seriously. He will tell you with a very contemptuous smile that, do what you will, he does not think it worth while to have to spend a half-hour, trying to shake himself free of his clothes at bathing ghats and before his family deity. He will even pretend to be a man of taste and tell you that, even if the orthodoxy of the Temple authorities breaks down to allow you to enter the Sanctum Sanctorum in trousers, it would look so stupid to see you in trousers without shoes!

Let it be borne in mind that, in discussing the suitability of the various types of masculine dress, expense is no disturbing element, since a careful calculation of the individual values of the several items of the average South Indian's wardrobe and the frequency with which he has to replenish it, will show that he spends as much as, if not more than, some of the *burra sahibs* that lord over him. He has at least ten different kinds of *angavasthrams*, a dozen silk shirts and a score of *veshtis,* while his sahib's wardrobe contains nothing costlier than that one evening suit, to which he gets attached for life, unless a sudden accession to wealth makes him convex, in which case we cannot discuss him along with the average man. We are concerned with what the average man is doing, with what he could do, with what he ought not to do, and with what he ought to.

It is clear therefore that there is no reason why a South Indian, investing more or less the same amount on clothes as his white neighbour, should appear less smart. The fact remains that he *is* less smart, and the 'why' of it is not difficult to discover.

Firstly, we have no settled fashions. There are too many types. There is no inner consciousness in us which suggests that we might be offending without our meaning to be so. There is no one type which appeals universally. There has not yet been any realisation that the high cost of a piece of clothing is not in itself a mark of superiority. And, saddest of all, we are yet to realise that the costumes of European countries, though they fit the Indian better than most of the types his own country could give him, fit the European much better than they do the Indian, *ipso facto*. Had we a costume of our own we could have had a way of our own with it. It is unfortunate that we have not.

What then shall we have? Has the *dhoti* to remain? No, because it cannot fail to impress upon foreigners that we are a slovenly lot. In the quiet seclusion of your home you may have it, but then you can do anything within that seclusion, if your wife doesn't mind. Should we drop the coat and have a mere shirt instead? You may have both, but after a fashion different from our present underwear. There need be no collar, which should make room for a tie; and, if you can manage to think of a poetic way of making it meet your neck, you can dispense with the collar altogether. There is nothing half so stupid as working, active men being put to the necessity of covering their necks, while their wives are licensed to have them open to ridiculous lengths. We must have something, which can close and open, with no tie to obstruct us. If we do have a coat, we must see that we have buttons on it or not as we like. We must see why we should not have the old Roman toga over Jodhpur breeches and our new-modelled shirts, if only to match our sisters' saris which are really nice. In spite of its high cost, we can adopt the *angavasthram* as an essential item of our ceremonial regalia. We can drive out a creeping national hypocrisy by again declaring openly that we have a partiality for crimson and green and blue. We can look to convenience also and see that the schoolboy goes out in something like shorts. We must not be so fanatically anti-foreign as to abandon the topee, when it is really necessary. The extremist may be allowed to have a pattern of his own. We can see that the turban is not allowed to be made an object of contempt, as naturally happens when Madrassis try to play pranks with it. We can see that every vakil ties it, as though he meant to do it and not as we see in many cases with that dignified headgear doing a

balancing feat on the top of an unwilling head. We can give everyone the option of wearing either a cap or a turban, since there are heads which never agree with one or other of these. We can say 'good-bye' to those tiny caps made of velvet and felt, which are a disgrace to any self-respecting community, and instead, import a new variety of *Balaclavas* without the undercovering. Our coats, if we happen to have them in preference to the toga, can display a variety of designs in gold, which, thank God, is still in favour with some of our Maharajas. We can, in short, be original and independent, and yet not opposed to foreign fashions, if they are sane. We shall not taboo any stuff merely because it is foreign. We shall adopt such if they agree with our sense of what is good, and improve upon it if we can. We shall have all these and yet jealously guard against anything, which might tell upon our independent existence as a nation that knows how to please the eye.

A standardisation of this sort may not be possible, as early as the next century, if matters are left to shift for themselves; but a sudden awakening to a sense of national self-respect can work it in a day. There is always the no-changer; there is the fellow who does not care, but there is scarcely one normal man who can stand the contemptuous stare of a woman. If therefore the wives and sisters of our great financiers and our officers will only tell their husbands that other women have been criticising their male partners in the matter of raiment, there is a ghost of a chance of the Indian Sartor being called to a sense of his importance. He will set to work in earnest and bring about as many fashions in a month, as your Saville Row genius will in a year, since there is better scope for the imagination here in this land of colour and festivals than in England or any other country. Cannot a conference of Indian men of fashion be called to decide on some distinctively Oriental and Indian fashion for us Indians?—a conference of men who could think seriously on what we should wear for formal dinners and what for parties?—of men who could design "a swashing and a martial outside" for the army?—of dandies who could show us how best to throw our national *angavasthram* over the shoulder? Cannot the same national determination, which spread a mere symbol like the Gandhi cap, bring about this much-desired reform in our apparel? Can nothing be done, O Mother India?

"*Andromeda*"

Friendly Chats.

WOMEN AND POLITICS

The greatest handicap to all writers is the vast number of subjects that confront them. But, perhaps no subject is more fascinating today than women in politics.

Woman is destined by nature to be man's help-mate and it is in her power to promote the growth of mankind. It has also been said that women are the makers and destroyers of nations. Why should not every woman, if she has the time and gift, be of any use to her country? Why should she not take part in public activities? It does not mean that she should lead an opposition campaign to get herself fame, or make a mess of her life by going to extremes.

There was a time when women had to be blind to the activities of the world. They were in the dark. Their development entirely depended on the whims and fancies of men. But, the latter have now begun to take a broader view of things and that has become the stepping-stone to the woman. It has been recognised that their rights are not meant to be misused or taken advantage of.

But, it is also not to be forgotten that woman's home is a sanctuary where great and noble men are to be reared. It is not possible for the average woman to interest herself in politics, unless she is unmarried, or childless, or has grown-up children, or is in circumstances that drive her to make her own living. She should bear in mind that her vocation in life is something nobler and higher. Motherhood is a great thing in life, and children cannot be entrusted too much to the tender mercies of ayahs and servants. "Her country needs many noble citizens and great heads to think out reformed constitutions. A generation of young men with high expectations and ideals, patriotic views and devotion to the mother-land, are becoming a scarcity. Who should be responsible for this? Home and Woman". Unless our mothers wake up, our condition is deplorable. Nature has designed the noble function of motherhood. Our girls should be given a thorough education, an education that will give them such broad-mindedness as to know how to use their rights and privileges and equip themselves for the great task, that their mothers did not know to perform. Happy will be the home that has such women.

Pavalam, Ceylon.

SOCIETY SNAPS

Jealousy

What is jealousy? I think in one aspect if it, viz., envy, it is the opposite to Love, for if people love their neighbours entirely, how can they be envious of them?

True love is that which cannot be defiled with the desire to be more famous or more popular than the person we love; it is entirely unselfish, and is not envious, if that person whom we love rises above us, or if that person has had better luck than we have had.

Jealousy is the cause of people talking scandal, and gossiping about other people. If we are jealous of a girl who is engaged, and is going to be married, instead of rejoicing that that girl is going to be happy, we begin to talk badly of her. We tell all our friends about all the men that girl used to run after. We tell them that she was engaged five or six times before. We cannot keep our tongues from speaking guile; but find pleasure in telling everyone all the bad qualities of the girl; even as some missionaries go to England and speak of the worst side of India, in order to get money, and thus paint India in its worst possible colours to the English eyes.

On the other hand, if we love that girl, we rejoice that she is going to be happy and only wish that the man whom she is going to marry is worthy of her.

We are also jealous of people who are our rivals in studies. I wish we could get over this evil habit of being jealous, and could just love the people in this world with all our hearts.

But there is the jealousy of love, with which indeed the supreme creator is credited, the jealousy which requires the best love from the person loved. There can be no true love, I think, without this peculiar jealousy. And of this there are many aspects, the jealousy of the sister, the brother, the friend, the child, the lover, the servant, and of them, worst of all, I think is that of the lover.

In this connection, I would like to mention what I read from a Ceylon paper the other day about jealousy. A distinction is made between male jealousy and feminine jealousy.

"Male jealousy, being based upon an outrage of the sense of possession, is much more savage and much more devastating in its results, but it is less easily aroused. Feminine jealousy, being based upon that feeling of insecurity, which is the unexercised nightmare of our sex, is ever present.

The fear of decaying charms, the fear of loneliness, of scandal and lost prestige and the mere fact of economic dependence, are the driving forces, which cause so many women to brood or nag on the most trivial provocation. The man, less dependent than the woman upon the opposite sex for the essentials of life, wonders what the devil all the fuss is about, and goes increasingly to seek companionship elsewhere."

The only cure suggested as of use is "a frank acceptance of the world as it is, and a good healthy conceit." Say to yourself somewhat as follows: "There are thousands of women in the world, younger, prettier, better-dressed and more charming than I am. I must admit it. It is quite impossible for me to keep them all out of my husband's way. After all, he met scores of them before he met me, which presumably means that there was something about me which he preferred.

Have I lost that quality?

Unless it was a purely physical one, it is my own fault if I have.

And, if it were a purely physical one, have I nothing rarer and more valuable to offer, after living with the man for umpteen years?

What an advantage I have over that hypothetical other woman--the advantage of knowing all the little things he likes and dislikes. And those are the things that matter most."

"Sour—sweet"

OUR CHILDREN'S PAGES

(1) OUR SERIAL STORY

DR. VIKRAM'S CHILDREN

CHAPTER V

The Quest for the Henna Leaves.

The children all got up at dawn on the important day, after a night of delirious thinking and hysteric planning. The two big sisters applied to their mother for exemption from the Saturday oil-bath, but were disappointed when the answer came in the negative.

Dr. and Mrs. Vikram stood in the porch scanning two bits of cardboard, which were apparently the wedding invitations, in Vasant's rubber type. The lines, the spellings and the inverted letters in many places gave them not a little amusement.

"Why don't you accept it for both of us, Komala?" Dr. Vikram asked his wife, as he suddenly climbed down two steps and secured to the stake a trailing branch of the *clematis* that might have been trampled over.

"I have, as good a mind to request you to represent both," laughed his wife, trying to open a full tube-rose bud.

"No, no," replied the Civil Surgeon," "The youngsters would miss you more than me. But let us both give them a little pleasure, poor things. It is not a great sacrifice."

"Raji girl, what are you about and why have you brought your little brother out so early?" asked Mrs. Vikram, as she saw the two little children sauntering towards the garden.

"Mother, we are going to pick henna leaves for our nails. We shall give you also a portion," replied the girl with a re-assuring nod, while Babu simply gave a merry croak and ran a few steps, fearing he would be taken indoors.

"Mind you do not touch the grinding-stone," shouted the father, "You can ask Chandra to make henna paste for you."

Mrs. Vikram in response to the water-man's call went in. The doctor stood with his arms locked on his bosom, admiring the beauty of the early dawn, which never lasts for a long time in this country. It was indeed a most beautiful morning. The soft rays of the just-awakened sun, played hide-and-seek in a sky of fleecy snow-white clouds. Two little honey-suckers were chirping to each other on a bough of the pomegranate tree with its eternal scarlet flowers and hard-rinded fruit. Sparrows were noisily chattering as if to drown the music of the tiny pair, and a crow was busy pecking at maggots in the dirty feathers of its battered wings. A flock of parrots flew overhead, paused undecided over a mango tree, and then with joyful shrieks rushed towards a tamarind tree, and buried themselves in its foliage. The doctor dismounted and went to the garden enclosure in front, where leaning against the palings, he studied with pride the wealth of luxuriant plants and flowers his own hands had grown. There were golden sun-flowers flaunting in the breeze on their long slender stalks; zinnias, gorgeous and resplendant in their colours; towering holly-hocks, delicate-petalled phlox, carnations, single and double with fringed leaves, pinks, petunias, geraniums, lilies and a whole array of multi-coloured blossoms spread before the eyes. Alongside the fence, the humble balsams, with blooms rivalling the most exquisite of roses, stood in all their glory of colour and shape. The dark green cypress vine with trumpet-shaped crimson flowers, blue bells and *sampangi*, flung a mantle over the fence.

The enchantment of the garden cast its spell even on the minds of the two little children, though they felt it in a different way from their father, for many a beautiful blossom left the plant to lie crushed in the youngsters' hands.

"Don't touch the henna tree, Babu," coaxed the little sister. "The spikes will prick you and your hands will bleed. I will gather the leaves, you hold your cap like this and take them."

"I no hold cap. I want shirt pocket," replied Babu rebelliously.

"Then I will make a bag in my saree and carry heaps of leaves," answered the resourceful maid.

"Yaji, Yaji, *bottle fies*" shouted her brother and clapped his little hands in glee. Then he toddled off after a jet-black creature with crimson dots on its tailed wings, as it idly sailed from the fence to a tree. Like blossoms in wild sport, the butterflies, yellow, orange, cream-coloured and of various hues, with lovely patterns on their wings, chased each other, alighted on the flowers or flitted in the air. Tiny little fellows of plain heliotrope, white or brown, rose from the verdant grass at the children's feet and fluttered before them inviting capture, and slyly dodging them when pursued.

"That one for me," cried Raji, indicating a big blue one with pink and green streaks.

"That one for me," repeated Babu and both little ones ran after it, but the bright-winged creature was too quick for them.

Presently, the two came to a sudden halt. Three birds were making much ado on an alamander bush flecked with yellow flowers. They were two black-bowed cock-sparrows courting a hen, who was in fact silent and indifferent. Raji watched the birds in childish curiosity, screwing up her eyes as the sunshine fell on her fair sweet face, while Babu stood playing with the flowers on the hedge. His sister's hair was full of blossoms put in without taste or order.

"Babu, Babu, see the birds fighting," said she, drawing the little fellow close to her.

"I want to see," complained the boy, pushing his sister aside with the idea that what she pointed out must necessarily be seen from where she stood. At first she gave way, then resisted and recovered her place by dint of superior strength, but Babu tried to make up for his defeat by giving his sister a series of sharp blows with his tiny fist and yelling with all his might. Raji retaliated and then there appeared signs of a fierce duel, when all at once Babu became wonderfully quiet and clung tightly to the little girl, saying 'Sister'.

"Babu, don't call me sister, you bad boy," replied Raji trying to shake him off, when he gave a piteous moan, and held her all the more fast, till at last she discovered the cause.

There was a bush of cannas with flowers that waved aloft like banners. Concealed in them was a grey-striped cat with cruel green

eyes, ready to spring on the sparrows on the alamander plant close by. The animal looked alternately at its prey and at the children, not quite determined to act. The moment the little girl saw the dreadful sight, she forgot her wrongs and flinging her arms about the boy's neck cautiously led him away from the spot too terrified to comfort him there.

(To be continued)

H. Kaveri Bai.

---

(2) THE BEST PRESENT

Little Mary sat knitting in the big arm-chair, thinking of the lovely new book that had come for her that afternoon. It was a green book and on the cover was printed in gilt—THE GOLDEN SPIDER.

Mary was nine and her brother was twelve and they were great friends, so that when he went out to fish Mary was very lonely.

When he came back that night, he brought her *The Golden Spider*, and Mary, who loved stories and books, was delighted with it. As she had had a bad cold, she was not allowed to go downstairs.

That afternoon nurse had told her to sit down like a good girl and knit, as she had to answer the front door. And since then Mary had been knitting patiently. However, an hour or two afterwards nurse came up with this piece of good news for Mary. Nurse added that she would bring the book up on the tray with Mary's tea.

So Mary had waited for both book and tea. Suddenly, the door opened and nurse brought a square parcel on the tray. It was a brown parcel tied with blue ribbon.

Mary took the parcel off the tray and opened it and on the cover read these words: "To Mary Wilson with much love from Frank Wilson". Mary put down her work and her book and ate her tea. Then she read her book, and nurse took her tray downstairs. When nurse came back, she asked if Mary would like her to read to her. So Mary said: "Yes, please;" and nurse took Mary's new book and opened it.

Just as nurse was about to begin, who should come in but Mary's mother and in her hands was a parcel which she gave Mary. When the parcel was opened, Mary cried out: "Look at what I've found! A sweet little baby doll with a little blue silk robe and bonnet".

Mary was fond of dolls too. Then the mother went out and nurse went on reading. When she had finished, Mary wanted to play with her doll. She lifted it up, then gave it a kiss, remarking it was the nicest she had seen.

When bed-time came round, Mary took her doll to bed with her. Next morning was bright and sunny, so Mary was allowed to go downstairs. Then she went downstairs to her nursery and put her doll in her doll's pram and pushed her about.

Suddenly she gave a little laugh, then she said, "Oh, I've forgotten to name you. I think I will name you Isabel".

Then Mary heard the door open and in came her auntie who said, "Mary, come upstairs. Your granny is very ill".

So Mary ran up and when she reached the top and went in, all she could see was her very old grand-mother lying in bed with her eyes closed.

Mary tiptoed softly to her side and felt her hand. It was as cold as ice; Mary knew her granny had gone to live with Jesus, her Saviour and Friend. She also knew that the best present for her dear granny was to rest with her father in Heaven.

Written by Clare Biva Tampoe,
aged 8½ years.

---

(5) OUR LETTER TO OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

Dear Children,

Have you ever read a book called "The Crescent Moon," by our great poet, Rabindranath Tagore? It is a book that you will all delight in, for it deals with the world of little people; and the author, with marvellous penetration, makes us come in contact with the little secret mysteries that lie behind every little child. The child has come to this world of doubt and trouble, leaving his freedom behind him "in the land of the tiny crescent moon". "It is not for nothing he gave up his freedom. He knows that there is room for endless joy in mother's little corner of a heart, and it is sweeter far than liberty to be caught and pressed in her dear arms. Baby never knew how to cry. He dwelt in the land of perfect bliss. It is not for nothing he has chosen to shed tears."

With what sympathetic understanding the poet depicts the world of little people! "On the seashore of endless worlds children meet." He says, "Tempest roams in the pathless sky, ships are wrecked in the trackless water, death is abroad and children play. On the seashore of endless worlds is the great meeting of children." And, as we read these words, we see before us a world of beautiful innocent tiny creatures, playing happily, unconscious of the deep and troublous events that take place all around them, in the land of the grown-ups.

"The smile that flickers on baby's lips when he sleeps—does anybody know where it was born? Yes, there is a rumour that a young pale beam of a crescent moon touched the edge of a vanishing autumn cloud, and there the smile was first born in the dream of a dew-washed morning, the smile that flickers on baby's lips when he sleeps." Next time, perhaps, when you see your tiny brothers and sisters smiling, you can imagine this beautiful picture of the pale beam of a crescent moon touching the edge of a vanishing cloud, from whence the baby's smile is born.

Yes, baby's world is a very beautiful world indeed. It is a place where the sky stoops down to his face to amuse him, and the stars talk: "Where reason makes kites of her laws and flies them, and Truth sets facts free from its fetters."

And right through the book, together with an interpretation of the child-world, is a sympathetic portrayal of a mother's beautiful nature and the joy she has in her children, and also, of the delightful intercourse between mother and child.

"Supposing I become a *Champa* flower just for fun, and grew on a branch high up that tree, and shook in the wind with laughter and danced upon the newly-budded leaves, would you know me, mother?

You would call, 'Baby, where are you?' and I should laugh to myself and keep quite quiet.

I should shyly open my petals and watch you at your work."

It is needless for me to quote any more from this beautiful book. Read it for yourselves, or better still, ask your father or mother to read it to you, and explain those passages that you cannot understand. Perhaps you may not appreciate the subtle meaning of the book now; but you will love the picture of the imaginative world of little people painted in it.

Yours sincerely,

Padmini.

OUR FASHION SUGGESTIONS

I was sitting on a cliff the other day, watching the sea-line advance and recede on the shore. The swelling and flattening of the billows reminded me of the folds and waves of a *Sari;* and I thought to myself that it would be pleasant and original if we could copy some of the suggestions embodied in those pleasant undulations. But how? It is difficult at all times to copy natural Nature in artificial dress; and if we do get good imitations we still are not right, because of the wrong environment of humans, compared with the harmonious surroundings of Nature.

It is the fashion now-a-days not to have regular patterns in costumes; but to have an all-over irregular design. Besides, frocks hang in irregular edges and curves. So I think if we could have a design like the sea-pattern somehow embodied into the *Sari*, it would be splendidly bizarre, besides being somewhat in the fashion.

What I mean by the sea-pattern is, not the lines of the inner sea itself, for that is almost inimitable; but I mean the fringes of the wave-edges. How it spreads and waves along the shore; in what enchanting lines and curves it opens out; what frills and blossoms of foam gather round it! Now it is drawn out in beautiful points; now curved in lovely undulations; now all the edges run into one another in wonderful harmony; anon it is encrusted in a wonderful gem-design; sometimes, it is edged and inserted with the daintiest lace. And all above it is the most beautiful silk, shimmering, waving undulating, enchanting!

Another idea is to have the one-coloured *Sari* contrasted with a floral blouse, in the same shade. A contrast is pleasant, if there is not too much of it; and gives the most pleasant effects even with our Indian gold-edged costumes.

Sister Susie.

OUR FURNISHING SUGGESTIONS:
THE SICK-ROOM

It is better for the room to be isolated from the house; or at any rate in such a position that it could be kept more or less separate from the rest, especially in a case of infection; and also to ensure quiet for the patient. It should be a spacious and lofty room, cheerful and with a pleasant view if possible, either looking out over a garden, or on a good scene. And for such, the windows ought to be low, so that the patient can have a good look-out, even when lying down. I read of another idea, the other day, viz. the placing of a large looking-glass at the correct angle, so as to reflect scenes from outside or from the street, and bring a little life into the room.

Secondly, the ventilation of the room should be good. This should be secured by big windows. For a sick patient, of course, there should be proper warmth, and no draughts should be allowed to play on him. But two windows at least should be kept wide open, the draught through being away from the bed; and if necessary, a piece of gauze or thin muslin can be stretched across, to break the force of the strong gusts. The windows should be made easily to open, and the hinges should be oiled.

Thirdly, the sanitation and cleanliness of the room should be attended to. A clean sweet smell should pervade it; it should therefore be deodorised often; a good idea would be to use frankincense with some Indian herbs thrown in, especially the *Mattipalu* of South India. Disinfection of the floors can be done by sweeping the floors and dusting the furniture with damp cloths. No litter should be allowed in the room. All used vessels should be emptied at once and brought back carefully cleaned. Soiled glasses etc., should be cleaned at once; and no confusion of medicine bottles should be allowed, but only those kept out, which are necessary for immediate use.

As for the furniture, as little as possible should be allowed. No curtains or purdahs, except to screen out light and keep off draughts; no carpets if possible, but a mat if necessary by the bed, which should be shaken out every day. No foot-stools, boxes, baskets or tables or ornaments, or knick-knacks should be allowed. A table by the bed-side with a book, if the patient is allowed to read, a vase of flowers, which should be removed at nights, a tray or dainty basket for hand-kerchiefs etc., a table at one side of the room for immediate medicines, a shelf for storing away others, a small wardrobe or a clothes-hanger for a necessary towel, napkin etc., a couch, a chair or two. In this connection, it might be said that visitors should sit between the door and the patient, by the side of the bed, and near the pillow, and within sight of the patient, so that conversation can be easy. In the night, the lamp should be clean, smokeless, fumeless, and should be shaded carefully, so as not to hurt the patient's eyes. The bed should be a comfortable one with a firm mattress, and clean linen, changed every day, and arranged neatly without folds and creases. The coverings should be light. It should be placed in a convenient position for the nurse to do her work. I have seen many beds placed with feet towards, and head facing, the door. But I would advise a position the other way, or at least side-ways: but the bed should never have the side close against a wall; and as has already been said, draughts should be avoided, and also a good view should be ensured. A second bed or stretcher will be convenient to place the patient on, while airing the first bed.

It is necessary to add that there should be quiet in the room. The use of crockery or bottles should be noiseless; nurses and people entering should walk on rubber-shod or shoeless feet; no whispering should be allowed; and no conversation except when cheerful talk is wanted.

"Home-decorator."

RANDOM PORTRAITS OF INDIAN WOMEN

The Woman Worker: Now that our women are claiming equality with men all along the line; now that they have shown themselves really capable of active gifted work, it would be well for us to pause and imagine the real worth of a woman worker. I cannot imagine a better ideal than that of Mrs. Johnson, of Chesthunt College in Cambridge, a sketch of whom I had the pleasure of reading in a Cambridge paper. In an interview with her, "M. M." writes that within the walls of the College, what she became conscious of at once was the thread linking higher thought with commonplace comfort. Therefore the first thing she noticed about Mrs. Johnson was: "You realise that, however eminent its chatelaine may be in the sphere of public work, she is first and above all other things a home-maker."

Mrs. Johnson was a North Country woman, educated first in the Bradford Girls' Grammar School, and then at Somerville College, Oxford. Having spent her youth in a great industrial town, taking science as her subject and acting as Secretary to the National History Society of Oxford, it was no wonder that she was attracted towards social work, when after her marriage she went with her husband, who was appointed Tutor to Chesthunt College. She found her duty in Temperance and Health work, and became Chairman, and later Secretary for 20 years, of the British Women's Temperance Association, in which position she gave many valuable lectures in Cambridge and the adjoining villages. She also took active part in "The League for Physical Education and Improvement;" Cambridge began to earn the reputation of providing counter attractions to public houses, such as non-alcoholic refreshment rooms etc. even before the establishment of the modern tea-shop. Mrs. Johnson also took interest in the study of 'licensing legislation'. She became secretary of the Cambridge branch of the National Council of women in 1917; and also a member of the Managing Committee of the Cambridge Housing Society; and acquired great knowledge on the question of housing for professional women. She is also on the Executive Committee of the United Council of Christian Witness, of the N. B. W. T. A., and of the United Temperance Council, and a member of the Women Citizens' Association, and of the League of Nations Union.

Above all, it is instructive that she is a domestic woman, who thinks that the best duty of women first consists in looking after husband, family and home. Therefore, she has always declined to take an official position in public life, as that would interfere with her husband's interests and her family duties. Here is a description of her:

"Slight of build, retaining but the faintest trace of a North Country accent, Mrs. Johnson speaks in an even voice that has a singing "tone" in it. At first I could not get the meaning of this vocal chord until she casually mentioned that among her interests she had formerly given a great deal of time to the study of music, and had in fact organised, while in residence in Oxford, many choral and singing competitions. She is a firm believer in the civilising influence of community singing, especially in villages. During the last few years, her health has been undermined by rheumatism, which distressing complaint, while curtailing her activity in some directions has but increased it in others. She is extremely anxious to see started in Cambridge a rheumatism clinic on modest lines at first, but something in the nature of the Red Cross establishment in Regent's Park. Mrs. Johnson has a persuasive way with her—I should be very surprised if she does not see the realisation of her wish before very long."

Punkajam.

TACT IN SOCIETY

The only way to tackle an over-bearing person, is often to give him a dose of his own medicine;—as the following story shows.

A great bully of a boy, rambling about the earth, looking for someone with whom he could have a quarrel, came upon a quiet-looking lad, who peacefully wended his way across a field, intent upon an errand for his parents. "Here's my sport!" said the bully to himself as he saw the youth approaching. "Hello," said he to the timid-looking lad, as he came out from the field into the open road, "where are you going?" "I'm just on a message to the vicarage," said the quiet boy. "Oh, are you?" continued the bully, "not if I know it." He forthwith gave the lad a push, jerking from his hand the basket which he carried. Suddenly, from round a sharp bend in the road, came several of the bully's pals. "Knock the stuffing out of him!" they yelled to the big, ugly-looking ruffian. The hooligan then kicked the basket to the other side of the road, shouting "Footer, lads!" The others made toward the basket to kick it. "Stop!" shouted the quiet lad, "I'll knock down the first boy that kicks that basket." "You'll what?" screamed the bully, rushing up to him. "Take that, you little worm," but before the bully had got his shot in, the quiet lad had side-stepped. So fierce was the blow which the hooligan had delivered, that his body lurched heavily forward. The other lad had anticipated this, and, rather than take advantage of him whilst off guard, waited a second or two until the bully had regained his balance. With fiercer rage came the ruffian a second time, and hot and fearful was the

contest for a few minutes. Suddenly, the little fellow, with his head slightly bent to the left, delivered the bully such a terrible right hand upper cut, that the latter rolled over, groaning, in the road. "The kid's boss!" shouted the lads who had gathered round. "The Kicker's been cock of this village for years, but we're your pals now!" The big bully got up and slunk away.

"Worldly-wise."

OUR LONDON LETTER

BY

S. M. TELKAR

England's Proud Women.

London is undoubtedly a metropolis of feminine activity. English girls are renowned in these days for their dare-devil adventures. We know that Miss Amy Johnson, Mrs. Victor Bruce, are the women pioneers in the field of aviation. Miss Johnson has put to shame many a male by her triumphant solo flight to Australia in record time. Mrs. Bruce has just arrived after a successful world-flight. Miss Spooner is another champion Air-Woman. So I find in England to-day that womenfolk are competing with the sterner sex in every department of life. For instance, in politics, the names of Miss Margaret Bondfield, the Labour Minister; Miss Jennie Lee, M. P.; Lady Cynthia Moseley, M. P.; Miss Ellen Wilkinson, M. P.; Dr. Marion Phillips, M. P.; and other women M. Ps. are famous. In the branch of industry, there are a few English Women who are at the head of the departments. In the field of sport, there is Miss Betty Nuthall, the world-famous Tennis Player. The girls play Hockey, Tennis, Golf, Badminton, Billiards. They swim, dance, play cards, are adept at fencing. So women in England seem to me to be always active and busy in some way or other. By the way, the number of women journalists and novelists is increasing from day to-day. Miss Ethel Mannin, Miss Ursula Bloom, Miss Ethel M. Dell, Rebecca West, K. Smith, Dr. Marie Stopes, Lady Rhondda, Eleanor Glynn, Evelyn Laye, have already made a name in the realm of journalism and fiction writing. In the film World, and on the stage, Gladys Cooper, Nellie Wallace, Lily Moris, Miss Gracie Fields, Evelyn Laye, Edna Best, Fay Compton, Heather Thatcher, Irene Vanbrugh, are known throughout the world. I have observed that practically in all the offices in Great Britain the typists and secretaries are young women. They seem to be more efficient than man, particularly in secretarial work. Our Indian young women should take a lesson from their Western sisters, who are successfully making headway towards their destined goal.

"Girls should look ahead."

Writing in the "Daily Mail" recently, the Hon. Mrs. James Rodney says: "Every young woman these days, whether rich or poor, should be taught efficiency in one particular occupation, so that in case of ill-fortune she could become self-supporting. It is simply no use thinking that because we happen to be born into the 'weaker' sex we can sit idly by. Oh, no . . . . . to look pretty and lazily arrange flower vases is not enough to satisfy either parents or husbands in such hard times. Even the vogue for useless pretty women has gone out, so that unless they have been educated along practical modern lines few struggling young men would dare ask them to become their wives . . . . So let each girl be made into an expert in some definite line, whether it be cooking, sewing, fashion-designing, interior decoration, writing, book-binding, illustration, stenography, and secretarial work, or the finer arts. I always think American methods of education so excellent from this point of view, because no matter how well-off a family may be, each daughter is encouraged to cultivate one subject in order to be able to utilise it for a living, should that ever become necessary. These wise parents in a new country know how fickle life really is, and in order to protect their girls give them this practical outlook, which prepares them to deal with every emergency. "To-day a millionaire, to-morrow a beggar" is a very true saying, and there can be no better security against circumstances than a useful practical education."

Dignity of Labour.

It will be interesting to note that all the classes in Great Britain . . . . . the poor, the middleclass, the upper middleclass and the rich, ... consider it a dignity to work for their living. I know of a case where the daughter of a Member of Parliament is an ordinary domestic servant. There are other instances where the daughters belonging to aristocratic families do humble work in the West End of London. A young girl in England hates to live on her parents. She wants to be independent . . . . . . independent to think, to act, and to live. . . . It will be a wise thing for our Indian girls to take a leaf out of their books, and learn to think in an independent way like their Western Sisters.

Lipsticks and Powder Puffs.

English Women, unlike our Indian Women, are very fond of "having a jolly good time".

Frequent visits to the pictures and the theatres are considered to be in keeping with modern times. Nay, it has become a fashion.

If you just stroll along on a Saturday evening in the West end of London, you will find queues of men and women waiting to enter the picture-houses and theatres. Almost every English woman, young and old, must carry a hand-bag. In it she carries kiss-proof lip-sticks, powder-puffs, a small mirror, a comb and a few fashionable handkerchiefs. No one is considered in fashion unless she is with a delicate and a charming hand-bag.

The Reading Habit.

In Great Britain, women seem to have developed a wonderful mania for reading. In trams, trains, omnibuses and in public parks, you will often find women with their books or newspapers open and in deep study. In the evening, the public libraries afford a great opportunity for general reading. The libraries in Great Britain are up-to-date and therefore books on all subjects are at the disposal of the public. I am confident that the women of England take more advantage of these libraries than men. The English girl reads Bernard Shaw, Bertrand Russell, Masefield, Gandhi, Tagore, books on religion, philosophy, science and other branches of human knowledge. She can talk about Mussolini, Gandhi, Kemal Pasha, Stalin, Hoover and knows what is happening in the different parts of the world. She is hungry for topical news. She reads the daily papers and often has a discussion at home.

Einstein Eyes the Girls.

When Professor Einstein arrived in New York, a reporter asked him (according to the New York "Sun") if he thought the American girl was as attractive as the European girl.

"You think of a girl as a perpendicular biological phenomenon in short skirts," Einstein is said to have replied, "but how do you know that she is not an oval mass or bent space being thrown off like electrons from swiftly-rotating nitholwatts with all the speed of an idzol?"

The Reporter: "Would you mind running over that again?"

Professor Einstein: "I would."

Charlie Chaplin and Maurice Chevalier.

Recently when these two world-famous Screen Stars came over to London, the girls mobbed them. Hundreds of them broke through the police cordon and threw kisses at them. It often occurs that young women take a great pride in welcoming these famous stars of their dreams. These things do not happen in India. But England is totally different from India in this respect. It seems to me that women give a good reception to world-famous men and women; but for politicians

they do not care much. Yet I presume that if Mahatma Gandhi ever comes to London, Victoria Station will be thronged with thousands of women to see this wonderful man who has set the whole world ablaze with his name. To a woman of England, Gandhi is more of a mystic saint than a politician. That is why I imagine thousands of English women will mob the station to get a glimpse of this little frail man from the land of Hindustan.

Women and the Election.

During election time, the women here take a considerable interest in public, speaking on behalf of their respective candidate seeking election either for the Parliament or for the Local Borough Councils. I have often heard many speak with the eloquence of Demosthenes. I am sure that many women here are some of the finest speakers in the country. I wish our young women were as efficient as their Western sisters in the art of public speaking. I sincerely advise my Indian sisters to be bold and learn everything good from their more advanced young sisters of the West. It is the women of England who are responsible to a certain extent for England's greatness. So also must India's womenfolk rise above their common level and make India a country worthy of its people. The salvation of India is in the hands of our women.

OUR NEEDLEWORK NOTES

(A fancy costume)

(Selected)

No. 8.
A Jewish Lady,
of Tetuawn.

The dress is a fanciful combination of velvet, gold braid, and embroidery, with the gauze-like muslin of the Orient, rich in colours, and adorned with a gorgeous silk sash round the waist.

OUR COOKERY COLUMN (Translated)

AVIYAL

This is a dish peculiar to Malabar, yet it is liked by most East Coast people.

Almost all vegetables can be used for preparing this dish, such as raw plantains, cucumber, yarns, brinjals, drumsticks, country-beans and unripe mangoes. Cut the vegetable into thin pieces of one inch in length, all of the same size, and wash well in fresh water. Then put them into a well-tinned vessel, and add water just enough to stand one inch over the vegetable pieces. Put in some salt and saffron powder. Then boil over a slow fire. When the vegetables are half-boiled, a little tamarind mixed with water should be put in. If sour mango is used, the quantity of tamarind should be diminished, when the vegetables have boiled well, the water would have almost gone. Take a cocoanut, some green chillies, and dried chillies (the quantity depends upon the individual taste) grind with water and add. Then boil for ten minutes and remove from the oven; add one table-spoon of good cocoanut oil, and some curry-leaves.

OUR HEALTH NOTES (Selected)

A DOCTOR TELLS HOW TO GROW OLD HAPPILY

Growing old happily is a matter of adjustment to the inevitable physical and mental changes that accompany age. The factors that make for successful adjustment are: good heredity, sound physical health and unimpaired senses, satisfactory social environment and economic independence and security, according to Doctor Clifford B. Farr, a specialist in mental hygiene, writing in *Hygiea* for October.

Mental hygiene is frequently consciously employed by persons who are entering the period of advanced life and they need no outside help or interference. Others, however, especially those who take too depressive a view of life, need advice and encouragement to enable them to spend this age period happily.

In former generations, the elderly person calmly accepted the limitations of his age, regulated his life accordingly, in dress, in social diversions and even in emotions and ideas. The opposite attitude, perhaps more frequent to-day, is that of the person who disregards his age as far as possible. A sensible mixture of these points of view is best, Dr. Farr advises; as both in pure culture tend to become ridiculous.

Adjustment to physical handicaps, such as failing sight and hearing, is not difficult to achieve in many cases, because artificial aids are within reach of all who need them. A similar adaptation to mental defects is also useful. Elderly persons do not have the ready memory of youth.

On the whole, under favourable conditions of physical and mental health and normal average environment, advanced life is not a period of undue mental hazards, but one in which we tend to make the most successful personal adjustment.—*Long Island Medical Journal.*

RICE AND COCOANUT

The following extract from a valuable paper on "Cocoanut Cultivation and Research in Ceylon", read by Sir Marcus Fernando at the last Agricultural Conference at Peradeniya, deserves wider publicity:—

Moreover, recent investigations have indicated to us the necessity of maintaining the proper proportions of the different forms of foodstuffs in a physiologically-balanced diet. The cocoanut kernel, from a nutritive standpoint, is exceptionally rich in fats. The mature fruit contains over 60 per cent. of fats and the rest consists of proteids and carbo-hydrate. Rice is wonderfully deficient in fats. Its fat content is less than one per cent. and this deficiency is a serious cause of ill-health and inefficiency in a rice-eating people, when not supplemented by a reasonable proportion of animal or vegetable fats. In the fresh kernel of the cocoanut, we have a form of fat and nitrogenous food most appropriate to supply the deficiency of a rice diet. The low-country Sinhalese consume cocoanuts very largely and are thus enabled to maintain their health and efficiency. The consumption of nuts is so large amongst them that the Goal diet ordinarily contains half a nut a day. On the other hand, Tamil labourers on up-country estates, away from the cocoanut belt, consume very little cocoanut with the result that they suffer seriously from those forms of ill-health now recognized to be due to fat shortage in the diet. Both laboratory experiments, and the experience of fat shortage in Germany and Austria during and after the war go far to prove that fat deficiency is responsible for a lower resistance to microbic infections such as pneumonia, influenza, tuberculosis, dysentery, etc., and contain forms of anæmia and debility. The Food Research Committee of the Royal Society, in their 1919 report make the definite pronouncement that for prolonged and efficient muscular work, at least one-fourth of the heat units in a diet should be derived from fats. The high mortality from pneumonia and influenza even in the healthy districts of the Ceylon Uplands, the excessive infant

mortality due to the lowered vitality of pregnant women and their deficient lactation after childbirth, all tend to show that this is the prime cause of these evils.

The nutritive value of the kernels at various stages of matūrity of nuts has not been definitely established by experiment and analysis. Here to my mind there exists a wide field for research. We have all along concentrated on copra and oil as the end products of palm cultivation. When these are a drug in the market, it may be possible to utilize young nuts, as feeding material for farm animals. The mature nut is too rich in fats and proteins for a well-balanced diet for growing animals, whereas at an earlier stage they may form a more suitable food stuff.—*Mysore Economic Journal.*

NEWS AND NOTES *(Selected)*

WOMEN'S EDUCATION IN INDIA

Professor Karve writes on women's education in India:

Our conservatism is a stumbling-block in the way of India's progress in several fields. In social matters we are slaves of custom and even in matters educational we have not the courage to get away from the beaten path. Our system of secondary and higher education has not evolved as a natural growth. It is a foreign thing transplanted into Indian soil. It worked well enough so long as the products of this system found employment in the offices of Government and private concerns. Now the supply far exceeds the demand, and the system has become quite unsuited to the needs of boys. The same system is resorted to for women's education also, without any consideration of their special needs and of the circumstances and the difficulties under which they have to live and work. Secondary and higher education of young men is going on and the number of educated youths is daily increasing, because such education is considered, though falsely, as a step to the means of earning one's livelihood. But education among women is not progressing in the same proportion because their education is not regarded as an urgent need. The present curriculum also is not suited to them being too lengthy and crowded. A few women may take advantage of the present courses of studies, but for a huge majority a complete overhauling is necessary, if secondary education is to spread far and wide among our women.

Here we have to take a painful fact into our consideration. Striking cultural disparity between men and women of the same family is

adversely affecting the peace and harmony of our home life and also the progress of society. Education worth the name can be obtained only in the three higher classes of high schools and if we compare the numbers of boys and girls at this stage, we find there is only 1 girl corresponding to 83 boys. This fact was most impressively commented upon by Sir Malcolm Hailey in his convocation speech of the Punjab University about three years ago. He said, "Out of 83 young men who are taking their high school education only one can get an educated wife with whom exchange of thought and feeling would be possible. The other 82 will have to pass their lives with uneducated or half-educated wives." In the lower strata of society the mentality and the level of general culture of men and women are the same, and they can enjoy conversation in a mixed society of men and women. But among the middle class people there is a great difference in the intellectual level of men and women and for this, any free discussion of few subjects is possible in a family gathering or a gathering of male and female relation. The greatest and most important question, therefore, that confronts us today is the devising of means to spread secondary education among our women far and wide, so as to be able to bridge over the wide gulf between men and women, especially of the middle class. If we find our present system of education is acting as a deterrent, we must be ready to proceed along new lines.

The Modern Review.

MATRIMONIAL MYSTERY IN GERMANY

Will the latest census in India present as remarkable a problem as that in Germany recently did?

German census officials are racking their brains over a matrimonial mystery revealed by the last census.

This national tally (says the British United Press) showed that in Berlin there were 2,456 more wives registered than husbands. The census officials puzzled over this, and came to the conclusion that the missing husbands must be men who worked outside the city and only came home to their wives in the week-end.

Then the officials turned to the statistics for all Germany, only to find an even more puzzling problem. In the whole of the country there are 17,000 more married men registered than married women. Just where the unaccounted for wives spend their time is still a mystery.

If you are interested

IN

Indian Culture,

READ

THE ORIENT

AN ILLUSTRATED BI-MONTHLY JOURNAL

OF

PROGRESSIVE THOUGHT

EDITED BY

H. D. SETHNA, M. A.

SOME OF THE CONTRIBUTORS ARE:

H. CHATTOPADHYAYA
G. VENKATACHALAM
DILIP. K. ROY
SRIMATI MIRA DEVI
C. D. SETHNA
K. H. VAKIL

AND OTHERS

Yearly Subscription:

Rs. 4. (POSTAGE EXTRA)

Order the Journal by V. P. P.

From

THE MANAGER,

"THE ORIENT",

POST BOX: 993,

BOMBAY

SHADOWS. Photo by Klein and Peyerl.